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# internet sex unzipped

Looking for lust in all the right places

BY JONATHAN DURBIN

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# Living the digital life

**M**aking their family reunion a fun-filled experience was a snap for sisters Gillian Potts and Jessica Morgan — literally. On the day of the reunion, the sisters used a Canon PowerShot S400 digital camera and CP-300 Direct Photo Printer to capture moments and make instant prints. They were all surprised at how quick and easy it was to print their photos — thanks to Canon's Direct Print Technology. Everyone got to instantly print their pictures, and then laughed and shared the captured moments.

Gillian had even hired a friend to do face painting for all the nieces and nephews, who then got a photo keepsake they could either frame for themselves, or mail to a friend. The CP-300 printer also enabled the kids to print their pictures as stickers that they used to decorate their bags.

Everyone was home saying how this year was the most fun and exciting reunion ever, and were thrilled with the handful of new photos they had to fill their family albums.

Thanks to Canon Digital Photography, Gillian and Jessica's reunion was picture-perfect.



**W**hen you spend a lot of time doing business on the road, you have to think smarter and perform faster. Of course, sometimes need a little help from digital technology, as sales representative Mike Garrison can attest. On a recent business trip, Mike was at the airport, and he needed to make a connection to his business proposal. Mike went straight to the check-in counter from the airport, but his Canon i70 Multi Printer allowed him to re-print the proposal right there, without worry. He smiled when the client commented on the professional quality of the document.

But what really clinched the deal was when Mike used his PowerShot SD100 Digital ELPH camera to take a picture of the product prototype he'd unveiled. He used Canon's Direct Print Technology to print the photo right from his i70 printer and gave it to the client. The client was so impressed, they awarded Mike with the project.

On his way home, Mike again used the i70 to print his meeting report. His boss was shocked when Mike had the report waiting for him when he arrived the next morning.

Thanks to Canon Digital Photography, Mike's job was made easy and professional.



**L**ike many Canadian couples, Cindy and Daryl Baur wanted a wedding that was special, intimate and personal, and Cindy's sense of humor, Gretchen, helped her come up with a number of great ideas that would give the wedding a distinctly personal touch. They used Gretchen's PowerShot A70 digital camera and her i860 printer to create customized invitations, seating cards, menus and unique wine labels that featured photos of the bride and groom-to-be.

Considering how much stress some couples go through, Cindy was amazed at how simple it was to shoot, select the best shots, edit and print the materials they needed.

Gretchen also had the great idea of taking pictures of the guests as they arrived at the reception. Thanks to Canon's Direct Print Technology, she was able to instantly print the photos on her i860 printer, without her PC, and then display them for everyone to enjoy. All around, the photos were a special keepsake for Cindy and Daryl and all who attended their big day!

Thanks to Canon Digital Photography, Cindy and Daryl's special day turned out to be the perfect memory!

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"It was refreshing to see a feature focusing on the good things that are happening in Canadian schools. Thanks for showcasing the positive." —KAREN DUVILLE, Brigette, Ont.

#### Learning new ways

Thank you for reporting on some of the fabulous programs that are finally being accepted into the educational mainstream ("The ABCs of classroom fun," Cover, Sept. 22). As a parent of a child who had great difficulty being understood in the rigid teachings of the "grade-to-grade" curriculum, I feel helpless as they tried to tell me that my six-year-old needed a behavioral modification drug because he wasn't fitting in. Feeling that I had nowhere else to turn, I home-schooled him for a year in order to build the self-esteem of this bright little boy and had testing done that showed he was gifted in some areas but unable to express himself in writing. Kory went back into the school system last year, into a pilot program called SAGE (Scholastic, Arts and Global Education), and is now recognizing his potential, getting good grades and developing a love of education.

Deon Shanduck, Accorair, Ont.

It was significant that "The ABCs of classroom fun" focused on education and computer education. Both enable students to engage in authentic learning. They combine head and hands in ways that make sense to students, becoming catalysts to keep them in school. Together, these subjects, along with others including physical education, design and technology, and home economics, flourish best when special funds are available. At other times they are generalists or even out of the curriculum. And we wonder why the dropout rate, especially for boys, remains stubbornly high.

John Gledhill, Peterborough, Ont.

The debate over technology in the classroom has been settled in the Studio Program at Central Technical School in Toronto. Thanks to visionary leadership, we were able to install a modern, but unique, digital radio studio in the school. The result: in this inner-city school, school, young people who don't enjoy many advantages in life have consistently created original music that has been hailed as the best of its kind

in the industry (see my paragraphs).

Indeed, children who had to "brown bag" were in the minority and their parents were often considered to be abrogating their basic duties. Yet your writer refers to "today's kids" packed by the hundreds into school gymnasiums for lunch and photoshopped "about what makes a caring environment." A caring environment is the fundamental responsibility of parents, not schools or governments.

Robert Lembert, Victoria

When I questioned my eight-year-old daughter about why most of her lunch returned home each day untouched, she described the situation in her school: no room to eat, dirty floors to sit on and not enough time to consume even the small portions we were sending (packed in one day during a Friday pizza lunch). The article "Lunchroom hellfire" described the situation out to a T. Would it cost so much to have these children eat lunch at their desks instead of on the gym floor? I'm sure parent volunteers could supervise, because we sure wouldn't want the children to lose the hour in the staff room complaining about the poor pay and conditions in the job that they choose as a career.

T. L. Lohrey, Calgary

#### Liberia's tragedy

Alexandre Trudeau's description of the fall-out from the civil war in Liberia ("The war-ravaged country side are compelling and scarcely imaginable to me in my comfortable Western life," "Young and very deadly," Liberia, Sept. 22) Sadly, knowing more, I know far more. The future is bleak in any region heavily populated by young people who know nothing but war.

Andy Berens, Guelph

What does it say about society when we will provide teenagers ready access to guns, but not to the necessities of life? Maybe the international community can limit the violence in Liberia if it lets the boys to trade in their guns for food and for the tools to grow their own food and restore their society.

Stephen Allard, Ottawa

Letter writer Glenn McCullagh's statement about Alexandre Trudeau, that exposing himself to the dangers in Liberia was not "worth it," struck a nerve. ("Counting our blessings," The Mail, Sept. 22) I have worked as an international relief worker in a couple



in the country. Whether that modest investment, all of the fine art and the wonderful message that these young people speak would be lost.

Steve Lashbrook, Head of Performing Arts, Central Technical School, Toronto

#### Lunch bag lessons

"Lunchroom hellfire" (Cover, Sept. 22) interested me. When I was a child, it was given that one parent would be at home at noontime to provide love, guidance and

**Human shield** | How one man's traitor can be another's patriot

President David Malpass, an American living in Montreal, finds Montreal resident Alexandre Trudeau is responsible in his desire to bring him out of a "human shield" during the war. ("An army traitor and what it is happening to my country," "War-torn," Sept. 22). "He is ready to be alone," writes Malpass, "and even though he has been charged with treason," other readers, including William Knott of Victoria, admire Chey's attitude. His "determination with the love of humanity this world over," writes Knott, "and it is needed to do what is

real for this America."



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of causes in conflict and turned over the past three years. You, on the surface it defies logic to enter a conflict zone, but it has been worth far more than words can explain. If it were not for people like Trudeau, how would others never reach the cause of world? How would all the countless victims caught in the middle of these conflicts be given a voice? Without the public's attention being drawn to these tragedies, there would be no outrage, no justice for the victimized and no hope for a peaceful resolution. I value this much courage and determination to bring this story to the world.

Alisa Ayanna, Vancouver

### The Hats' golden age

Having lived in Montreal during the heyday of the Montreal Canadiens, I found that Ken Dryden's reflections stoked many memories for me. ("The new game," *Kenspe*, Sept. 22). One unique experience for a few of us Montrealers following the Canadiens was to sit through Pusser's Seafarers second Stanley Cup playoff game with a television close by so we could watch the Canadiens while we were busy telling the story of the Jews leaving Egypt.

Mike Corcoran, Vancouver



Ken Dryden's golden memories of hockey glory days and pride for his talents as a writer

development Yukon Party in May 2002. In fact, the NDP was the official opposition at the time Freeland moved to the Yukon Party (Roy McCullough, *Deputy Clerk, Yukon Legislative Assembly, Whitehorse*).

### Faith-based response

My heart has been breaking these last few weeks as I have watched Christians being targeted in the letters section as closed-minded hate-mongers. That is not who we are. Unfortunately, there are always a few radicals who take things to the ugly extreme, and the media seem to always pay great attention to them. The source of our belief in the Bible, and it clearly states that homosexuality is a sin, is just as having your brother as a sin. Sinners (including myself) enter our churches every week. We don't hate the sinners, and if we did, our church would be empty. I am disturbed by the ignorance of those who are mislabeling faithful Christians for hating the Bible so much as for what their faith requires of them.

Jeffrey A. Milette, Burlington, Ontario  
*President, As. Christian. Can.*

**Out of power**  
 The interview with Yukon Premier Dennis Friesen ("Yukon's not a brand," *Q&A*, Sept. 15) may just be the last gasp of a once-powerful and influential political party. Friesen's "decided" optimism on the growing unpopularity of the ruling NDP and defected to the

right government to do something, they are in the process of putting their faith into action. I know scores of Christians who have given up a life of comfort because they are passionate about helping people in need. Many of the voices being heard: opportunities to serve someone are few; though that, educated people who know their faith but not everything that looks like progress truly is a step forward.

Ken Dryden, *Montreal, Que.*

I was disturbed to see a number of letters to the editor that seem to lump all churches together in opposing same-sex marriage. My own church, the United Church of Canada, has been pushing for legal recognition of same-sex marriage for several years. We are that at a way of following Jesus' instructions to love one another and to a God judging one another.

Rev. Walter van Wijngaarden, Vancouver

Soren Neovius, in his letter to the editor (*The Mail*, Sept. 22), expresses his pleasure at findings that it's basically older, less-educated and poorer people who disapprove of gay marriage. That is good, he says, because "it's nice to know that closed-minded people are a dying breed." His attitude is truly reflective of younger, better-educated and more successful Canadians, than intolerance and prejudice are also still in Canada.

Henry Krakowitsky, Smiths, B.C.



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## MACLEAN'S BEHIND THE SCENES

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## THE THRILL OF VICTORY

As a long-time sports fan, Executive Editor Michael Benedict is familiar with Maclean's proud history of sports reporting. Still, he received some surprises when he started putting together the just-published *The Thrill of Victory: Best Sports Stories from the Pages of Maclean's* (Penguin Canada).

"Every time I go through the archives, I discover new treasures and am impressed with the fine writers we've always attracted," Benedict says. "Who would have thought that we'd have a piece by Montreal Shieber about an amateur hockey team?"

The latest in a series of seven collections from Maclean's archives edited by Benedict, *The Thrill of Victory* contains 47 articles chronicling three-quarters of a century of sports writing. It features stories by some of Canada's finest writers, past and present: Trent Rayne, Harry Bruce, Jim Colman, Hal Quinn, and current Maclean's staffers; Executive Editor Bob Levin, Vancouver bureau chief Ken MacQueen and assistant managing editor James Deacon.

The presence of novelists like Nitschke and Jack Ludwig is proof that MacLean's has always sought a wider perspective to its sports pages, says Benedict. "One important constant over the years has been providing readers with stories and viewpoints they can't find elsewhere."

The survey of Canadian sports history highlights many heroic achievements but also the darker side of Canada's sporting past. One example is "The King of Seuss," which describes sprinter Ben Johnson's record-setting performance at the Olympics. The story was written and published hours before Johnson tested positive for banned substances.

But whether heroic or otherwise, Benedict says that assembling the volume was a labour of love. "Compiling this collection was pure pleasure."

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## UPFRONT



### Justice | Islamic mercy spares the life of a mother

A row of eggs cracked through a security screen in Nigeria—and around the world—when a judicial panel acquitted 31-year-old Amina Lawal, convicted of having sex out of wedlock and sentenced to death by stoning. Lawal's case was an international cause célèbre. The ruling can also be seen in a quiet court

for Muslim women, who had discouraged progress from the West in favor of a female appeal to an Islamic court. Convicted in March 2002 after she gave birth two years after divorce, Lawal was spared for procedural reasons, and because the court said she was not caught in the act.

Lawal and her daughter, Maryam, awaiting judgment

## ScoreCard

▼ **Education policy:** View to tell the day's 10 worst traffic offenders, following them to and from work if necessary, and ticket them off the roads. Noble goal—perhaps, but who will they pack in next?

▲ **Bobby Hull:** Aging hockey vet takes over 15-day-old roundabout NHL and views to be in decent form for 2004-05 season, at time for possible NHL strike. No tricks to razzour that all will play on contract basis.

▲ **Gaffes:** Angry little speecher: runs out of gas after 14-second mission and makes dramatic vehicle plunge into gigantic Japanese. Sevenfold foul: the reason for its eye-popping audience. Most Common: see it as a rip-off of the Shonda Rhimes/Peab Metal comment.

▼ **Canadian officials:** Face pressure to pull military increasing danger pay and limiting off-duty pay to two days a week. White-belt: Canadian station can check their fees off. Deployed helicopters, tanky subs, and now barely enough boats to draw on an iota. There really is no life like it.

▼ **Business: Internet:** Honey Bunches now top cereal—maker: banner's annual global sales: soaring an average 182 times a year. Snacking Russians follow it too, but only 50 per cent say they actually enjoy it.

**Quote of the week:** "You are not armed and dangerous. You do not shoot each other. I always feel a bit more human when I come here." Hollywood actor MARTIN SHEEN, who plays U.S. president Jed Bartlet on *The West Wing*, in Canada to accept an award for being a Chinese role model!

PHOTOGRAPH BY AP/WIDEWORLD PICTURES

WEEKENDS | OCTOBER 31, 2003



## World

**FLU SEASON** Disease experts are predicting a particularly virulent run of the virus at the strain that killed thousands in Australia and New Zealand originates to the northern hemisphere. US authorities recommended full-scale, Canada-style vaccinations, while Alberta field-testing a nasal, growing-based cold and flu shot that is a favorite of some NHL teams.

**IRAQ** US President George W. Bush defended his handling of post-war Iraq at the UN, but was still unable to win over old allies like France, Canada and even the US itself. Most want a peaceful transition to civilian rule. The jouncing came amid a spate of bombings in Baghdad, the arrival of two US military personnel for spying at the Guerrantay Bay detention centre, and an opinion poll showed Bush trailing the newest Democratic presidential contender, retired general Wesley Clark.

In a first for the Arab world, Iraq's US-appointed council opened the entire economy, save its oil sector, to foreign investors, and banned the al-Jazeera news agency.

**BREAKING UP** The long-awaited split in the Arctic, a cold frontier, has arrived. After 3,000 years of stability or two, Denmark and Russia's scholars reported, icebergs, big enough to be a danger to ships in the northern Sea, were unleashed, and a freshwater lake atop the shelf, home to a unique census of organisms, drained into the ocean. With warmer temperatures, one scientist said the cold northern ice cap could melt within 70 years.

**IRAQ** The suspected mastermind of the Sept. 11 attacks on the U.S., captured al-Qaeda planner Khalid Sheikh Mohammed, told U.S. interrogators that the group had been plotting the attack since 1996, and that the original plan was to hijack five jets on each coast and follow this up with attacks in Asia.

**CHAT ROOMS** Calling them a breeding ground for pedophiles, mighty Microsoft will shut down its popular internet chat rooms in Britain and will offer instead, subscription-based versions in Canada and the United States. Police and parental groups hailed the decision while teens and other users, who must log in to discuss everything from sex to bedding, called it a money grab.

**UPDATE** Stockholm police released the 35-year-old doctor initially suspected of murdering foreign minister Anna Lindh in a department store, and arrested on a second man with a history of psychiatric problems.

**SHEEP** Australia struck a deal to offload more than 90,000 stranded sheep on long, interminable, and possibly a "ship of death" soundal-



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Edited by Heather Johnson



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**MACLEAN'S**

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**ROGERS**

## UPFRONT

that was threatening the country's lucrative livestock business. The sheep had been as ravagingly flogged in the Persian Gulf but almost two months after the original buyer, Saudi Arabia, refused the consignment. About 6,000 dead and maimed rams/ewebs were blocking Australian ports to prevent further shipments.

### Canada

**REBAPPED** Saudi Arabia rejected outright Canada's request for an inquiry into the treatment of William Sampson, the B.C. man who said he was tortured while being held in a Saudi jail, accused of murder. Sampson and five British co-accused were released by royal pardon in August. The men claim they face persecution in their own countries, Saudi officials said.

In a similar vein, Iran told the Montreal-based son of photojournalist Zahra Katerna, who was beaten to death in a Tehran prison, that he will have to apply to a religious court if he wants his mother's body returned to Canada. Iran has no change in its intelligence office with her under.

**BERNIE PROBLE** Chirac's case against 20 Palestinian and 10 Indian activists, originally suspected of being part of al-Qaeda's killer cell, appears to be unwinding. Security charges were dropped against most suspects, including the undercover pilot who was allegedly scopes the Palmeiro nuclear plant in Chateau. The law has applied for political asylum.

BY DAN MURPHY



Finance Minister John Manley, another leadership run-racer, lost his bid for NDC's top political job to Dutch Foreign Minister Jaap de Hoop Scheffer.

**CRIME** With chilling detail, a sobbing Jay Handel told a B.C. judge how in March 2002 he killed his six young children—strangling two and shooting four with a rifle—before setting the family home on fire in a pastoral rage directed at his wife, Sonya. Handel also wrote three suicide notes, the court is trying to determine if he was mentally competent at the time to know what he was doing.

A judge has been on the bench for the month after having a drinking contest in which an 18-year-old man died. The man, dressed 20 showers in 15 seconds, was left unconscious on his driveway by friends.

**CRIMES** Winnipeg Mayor Glen Murray wants to shift part of the municipal tax burden from property owners to users of services, for example by changing people who police.

Toronto's celebrated garbage truck road war for the week when U.S. customs banned a garbage hauler, headed off Michigan dump site with a team of enforcement trucks and the debris.

### Science/Health

**FLU** Contrary to popular opinion, memory loss in women is not a result of menopause, Chicago researchers determined. So-called "senior" moments can be an indicator of stress and high blood pressure.

**AIDS** Ottawa intends to push through a new law to allow generic drug makers to produce patented pharmaceuticals for export to poor countries, to help fight the scourge of AIDS and other epidemics.

Meanwhile, scientists in Nairobi reported success in creating even full-blown AIDS with herbal remedies, but said they were being preyed on by Western countries funded on costly drug cures.

**HANGOVER DRUG** The latest craze among Hollywood partygoers is a so-called hangover drug sold over the Internet by Iranian entrepreneurs and developed by the former KGB as their agents could drink until they appeared under the table.

Mansbridge on the Record



## GETTING TO KNOW YOU

A Tory-Alliance merger would change politics for many elections to come

BY THE TIME you read this, the fate of the latest attempt to unite the right in Canada may be decided. A lot of people want to see it happen. Even a few Liberals think winning would be more satisfying if their main opposition fielded just one team, instead of the easy way they get when conservatives are split in two. Certainly a majority of the media like the idea it isn't fun covering an election when the odds are favour one side. When I travel the country, the most common political question I'm asked is this: "So, when are these two parties going to get their act together and give the Liberals a serious challenge?"

Which brings us to those who think this is a bad idea. You can usually find them in one place—the affected group of small “c” conservatives. When you hear some of the inside the right raise against uniting the Canadian Alliance and the Progressive Conservatives, you'd think they've been asked to eat worms; the thought seems as bad for them to swallow. Sure, there's a lot of internalism, which is not unique to the right; the vicious part was in that part of the political landscape. Every party has one, and every party faces internal debates, for most survival is based on the fact that party ideology gradually shifts back and forth over time between competing factions. The Liberals don't just change between French and English leaders; they change between right and left as well, and their most recent replacement is that pragmatist, Paul Martin's right-wing liberalism prevailing over the Sheila Copps left. Even the NDP has had fights over the years—just we forget the Waffle.

**“**  
When you listen to some of the inside-the-right mints against unity, you'd think some conservatives have been asked to swallow worms

Some say the last, best opposition party in Canada was the 1970s Conservatives under Robert Stanfield and his successor, Joe Clark. Question is then: wasn't the Stanfieldites? It seems to have become now ministers come prepared for tough questions from the other side and, surprisingly, they often answer them. But what used to make the most window the Times go along with each other? There was a disparate group you'd see people like the absolutely right-wing Alberta Jack Horner camping with Newfoundland Red-Tory Jim MacNeil, or a certain Maritimes known for his uncompromising views on the death penalty (it was said that when he was once asked at an all-the-candidates in Winnipeg what he thought of a Liberal pre-election promise to build a multi-million-dollar ice Canada overhead highway, he answered, "Fine, we'll have to live with it") and MacDonald's in Gander on Lightfoot, 64, the only living inductee.

**DIED:** Colgate University professor Edward Said was a leading advocate of the Palestinian cause. In his book *Orientalism* (1993), the Jerusalem-born scholar gave an influential examination of how the West views the Islamic world. Said, 65, died of leukemia in New York City.

**DIED:** Sharp dressed British rocker Robert Palmer was best known for the '80s hit *Addicted to Love* and *Steely* Ironbottom. Palmer, 54, who had been living in Switzerland, died of a heart attack while in Paris.

**DIED:** Long-time NHL statistician Ross Andrews devised the now-indispensable plus-minus rating of players' performances. He also worked in TV, feeding stats to broadcasters. Andrews, 67, died in Tucson of complications from a stroke.

**NAMED:** Torontonian Mike Katz, 70, has been recognized as the father of the personal computer, by US 5-judge panel. IEEE Awards of the History of Computing, for his 1973 invention of the MCM-70 Microcomputer.

**DIED:** George Hinton, 76, benz-selling author of *Paper Lion* (1966), died in his sleep at home in Manhattan.

## Passages

**DIED:** By hitting four home runs in four straight at-bats Sept. 25, Toronto first-base-man Carlos Delgado, 31, tied Major League Baseball record for most homers in a single game. The swatting slacker ushered an era of home run mania that had four seven-homer seasons since 2000.

**CANCELLED:** MTV has pulled the plug on the *The New York Green Show*—starring the Penetanguishene, Ont.-born comedian, 32—after three months.

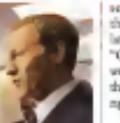
**INDUCTED:** The first five musicians named to the new Canadian Songwriters' Hall of Fame are Barenaked, Ontario's Alouette Bryan, Nova Scotia country singer Hank Snow, Quebec's Jim Leckie and Madeline Bockaert, and Guelph on Lightfoot, 64, the only living inductee.



## Politics | Dance time for the wallflowers

How quickly the spin changed. When a merger talk between the Torontonian Alliance first came to light, both camps were playing up how soon the Liberals would be at the new face of the right. By last last week, though, insiders had turned their energies to defining blues in case the merger push came to nothing. The Alliance version: Tory Leader Peter MacKay was refusing to table clear positions. The Conservative reply: Alliance Leader Stephen Harper was trying to stage-manage the negotiations so much.

When Harper went public to complain about Tory vagueness, he looked barely able to contain his frustration. And in responding, Conservative negotiator and MP Loyola Hearn didn't bother disputing his interpretation with the Alliance leader either. He shouldn't refuse the substance of Harper's gripe—in fact, he confirmed it. Pressed on whether the Tories had put forward a full



A reflection: Mansbridge and MacKay are unexpectedly amicable

set of proposals in the talks launched in late June. Hearn said, "Clear-cut positions will be put in place at the right time and the right place."

When that might be, he didn't say. Whether blues would continue this week was also unclear. Harper is against going forward unless the Tories first up their sleeve. If it comes to a blithe game over who gets the talk first, MacKay may have the rougher issue to make. After all, his cause is in likely split up merging, Harper's stood behind him. And if, somehow, the union goes ahead, both leaders might end up out of a job. Mike Harris suddenly made television his retirement—and Ralph Klein is already considering the former Ontario premier as his favourite choice.

JOHN GEDDES

## OverHeard

Windward ho and all that

In our prime-ministerial election, Paul Martin raised the steamed E.C. last week, his first trip after locking up the Liberal nomination in Montreal. He wants to forge a Liberal breakthrough in the West, though much will depend on the quality of candidates he can lure to run. Among those left, trying to result: Winnipeg Mayor Gary Doer, former B.C. premier and B.C. premier, a New Democrat, and for ideological defiance, David Internati, head of forestry giant Canfor.



## Whether Ben?

Consider who represents Manitoba may be broken Manitoba's last long. What is that either when it is pushing him to host the French language slate star of the show? His other friends very definitely are calling, maybe even in the form of TV's shrill-mouthed *Entertainment Tonight*.

## Canucka?

The Canucks story that runs persist that Russian influence Roman Abramovich is set to buy the NHL club and the place from Seattle owner David Bonderman. The Russian's mostly English soccer clubs, and a keen hockey fan. The story is he'd like to stack the team with Russian stars.

# INTERNET SEX

# unzipped

**IN CYBERSPACE** anyone can have you—*if* you want them to. And if you do, you're not alone. The bawdy rabbit-in-the-puff of Internet dating sites is one of this year's big media trends. Aided by marketing campaigns that target young women, singles clearing houses like Texas-based *Lavafly.com*, Dallas category leader *Match.com*, and Manhattan's Spring Street Networks (which powers the personals for on-line media like *Forbes*, *The Onion* and *Esquire*, and is a spin-off of *Match.com*) have nearly succeeded in selling the personal ad idea. No longer the racy, desperate realm of those who are looking for love and can't find it elsewhere, these newly friendlier sites feature postings from young urban professionals all over the continent. Some view dating as an extreme sport. "It's out of a casual sex revolution," says Andrew, a 27-year-old San Francisco lawyer who's cruised with the personals at several Web sites. During the past year, with co-conspirator Colin Fifeback, he met 15 women and slept

**The young adults finding romance on the Web are helping to usher in a whole new casual sex revolution**

**BY JONATHAN DURBIN**

with most of them. "It's great if you're attractive or even really attractive."

In 2003, discovering that Internet dating has gone mainstream is like realizing the tabloids obsess on J. Lo and Ben. The Online Publishers Association reports that singles sites accounted for the Internet's largest consumer-spending category last year. Match had nine million profiles, and was ranked by the GIA report as the second most pop-

ular paid destination on-line. *Match.com*, the Internet portal that allows persons of its own, was No. 1.

Though most sites still focus on the big et, more have a pool of those who want romance, on a street level what the members mean is that everyone dating is passing acceptability, at least among the tech-savvy younger generation that watched word processor kill the typewriter. And while there are apocryphal stories of bawdy-boiling females or virile gay men on the rebound, these sites are increasingly populated by regular, nice-dirty people who aren't looking for love—whatever their sexual preference. If commitment happens, the attitude is, "so be it," but expectations are considerably less than marriage. And the genders are evolving: men still outnumber women, but not much.

Debate has already been raging about why women are logging on. *Los Angeles* New York magazine argued that the Internet is lured females to behave like men, and that



**No longer the icky realm of the desperate, these sites feature postings from young urban professionals all over the continent**

**MARRIED MAN, BORED,  
SEEKS SEX KITTEN**

**IF YOU WANT** to sit out there—ever if you have a special accomplishment, The *Seattle-based Office of Medicare Agency Communication* (mocomm.sos.wa.gov), which helps the come on “When Managing Becomes Medicare,” is one of the main educational services on the Internet at <http://www.mocomm.sos.wa.gov>. The Internet is designed especially for people who want to have control of their care, the site helps users get 60,000 publications in almost every area. Computer courses are offered in Microsoft Word, Excel, and Access. Microsoft Word, Excel, and Access are guiding users on the web.

"You didn't invent penmanship," he says, citing statistics suggesting half of all new North Americans are unhandy. "What's not of the need to glorify it, rather it's a need in the market that's very trying to sell. Our customers don't even have to meet each other—it's a situation that can make some one feel validated if they're unhappy in their marriage. And you can be whenever you want—yesterday, tomorrow, State."

Although membership shows heavily toward men (about 90 per cent), Morgan likes a series of paperback romance novels to have female covers. They'll go on

for some, dining out has faded. "The 2003 version of the singles flock, an apologetically mousings-awed, very sexual experience," *Surrounding* (The Sunday Times), author Natasha Wolf agreed that casual eat was indeed back on the market, but that its ready availability had soured the soul out of relationships — that the on-line generation had reduced sex to a healthy as you could do with a partner to alleviate boredom, sort of like going to the gym.

And because the dating sites offer accurate conversations where either person knows the other's contact information, many women say flirting with men via chat key is preferable to being bombarded on the town. On-line encounters mean no awkwardness, no awkward pauses in the conversation and no chemistry-crushing expectations. It's an anonymous orgy of convenience that can consolidate off-site and leave your social calendar. For those who find inspiration in *Sex and the City*, there's no need to envy Carrie, Samantha, Charlotte or Miranda; their lifestyles will give you an equally lone, and lonely, life. *It's just yourself*.

## THE LOOK OF LOVE

Lavalife's international headquarters are located on a desolate stretch of Toronto's King Street West, in a vaguely industrial-looking, steel-and-glass building that also houses an AT&T switching station. But the company's interior decor is rustic, reflecting the Web's user's aesthetic. The walls are painted earthy tones, lamps adorn the executive's desk. A stylized roll-out sofa features a extension-table pool table, ping-pong, and the all-around seating of The Man.



Distinct from subscription service Match, which charges high-end US\$19.95 per month or full contact service, Lovelife works on a pay-for-play basis. It's free to post your profile, but it costs credits (a US\$1 quarter each) to message others in the system. The site has a million active members and 2,500 new people sign up daily; under the Lastafire brand, the company's young brand-new it was founded two years ago, but was previously known as Webpersonals.com. Lovelife does about 70 per cent of its business in the 18-35s, and it's a profitable operation. The split between the sexes is now 50 per cent male, 46 per cent female. "We want to rebuild the Lovelife lifestyle as a brand," says founder Bruce Crotty, 40, against a backdrop of a new computer, and a stack of papers, papers, papers.

Levitt: "The site caters to users—we're aiming for a fast, hip, younger demographic who have grown up on-line and want instant gratification. It's almost like if you're not Internet dating, you're not cool."

The rats divided during mass chemo-diffusion streams. When choose between substances labelled during, relationship and X-methyl ionomate receptors. They get equal suffice, though most neurons go to during. At

That's the sentiment echoed by many  
people who use the service. "The stigma  
of Internet banking is for losers is old,"

By Karen Koenzen, a 26-year-old teacher at a private school. "Steve registered with Livable's e-mail this summer, she's an angel. I wasn't reading gay issues in the regular social streams, so I decided to go on-line. Because no one else has to know about it, a reader can no longer be seen as a deviant."

...you don't feel like a failure?" Most matchmakers believe the relative anonymity of online meetings is the Internet's most attractive feature. Because the process is, at first blush, based on how attractive a person can pose to a mate— and an ailing photo—the brain demands that even reserved people not let their guard down. Engaging. Setting yourself

enters normally to some—“I’m an animal, I’m a cat. If I wasn’t a cat, I would try about anything once unless it involved being a human or a animal,” writes Lavafish’s Benyaminov. “Many others have more difficulty,” he says. “I don’t like to waste others’ time,” says Benyaminov, “but I believe in action to the point. I’m looking for business models



Many singles, like these partners at a Levittown event, are too busy for old-style dating.

other end of the spectrum, declaring yourself a hard-core sex hater or yearning for a sexless sex still sounds like

"I was in the right head space for it," says Michelle, a 37-year-old media director at a Toronto ad agency. After posting an ad in the during section of *Landfall*, the met Heron she didn't like with, but liked even her less. They're getting married next year. "I'm travelling through New Zealand and Australia for a while—when you're travelling, you meet people all the time, and I enjoyed that energy," she says. "So I used the longest penultimate to meet people who wanted to have fun—now is the time of my career, I had no reservations."



# TOTAL RECALL

With California's bizarre campaign in full swing, voters try to make sense of a long list of contenders. Can this show have a Hollywood ending?

BY JONATHON GATEHOUSE

other one." Click up a vew for Arnold Schwarzenegger? Maybe. None recognizn't what's used to be.

With one more go before the Dec. 7 referendum on ousting Democratic Gov. Gray Davis from office and handing power to one of the many governors to be thrown, it seems the state's 35 million other residents are no less flummoxed by the choice at hand. Polit's show a small but shrinking majority supports the recall, while the made-bound action-star-turned-Republican, and Gov. Schwarzenegger, the round Democratic lieutenant governor, are stuck neck to neckish now that the job's open up (there are two more to the ballot: the annual recall, and who should replace Davis). Tom McClintock, a far-right Republican, is charging up

from behind. And like the producers of a Hollywood movie that's failing with its audiences, the various camps are scrambling to write an ending the public will buy into.

From the outside, it's hard to believe that anyone would want to take up the challenge. Davis, 60, re-elected for a second term in 2002, has become the lightning rod for everything from soaring energy costs (he by-producer of his predecessor's decision to deregulate power) to smog and crumbling schools. In a place that was but particularly hard by the dot-com collapse, he's weathering much of the blame for the continued struggles of California's economy—the world's 8th largest. The state's facing a deficit that estimates have pegged as high as \$38.8 billion. That's don't come much more threatening.

When the campaign started on Aug. 7 and the ranks of gubernatorial hopefuls began to swell, the conventional wisdom was that it would be a cakewalk, the logger and bear-known clown who's bound to triumph. But a facin-



With his died-hair and eyebrows, Schwarzenegger delivers his lines in convincing sound bites. The Austrian-born action star, who has raised more than \$8813 million for his campaign, knows how to play up his strengths where he's most comfortable—in front of the camera.

**YOU CAN FORGIVE** the little old lady standing on the Pasadena street corner for being a bit confused. A bizarre special election that has been an, *then off*, and *now back* enigma. One hundred and thirty-five candidates, including a former child star, a beauty queen, a sonor wrestler and a failing married dad to choose from. A wacky campaign that has one side decrying a governor's gross incompetence, and the other yearning *cro'p'at*. Eleanor Bentley squints from beneath the beam of her bright red hair, and hopes for the answer to the question confronting all of California: "I think the one that's there now should go," she says, finally. "Because of star thing he had about men and women." Just short of her 65th birthday, Bentley, a golden-crowned beauty consultant with 30 years' experience (specializing in vegetable-organic anti-toxic cold-wave scalp treatment and general hair work, says her card) is not big on politics. "I like that young men. Not the fat one, the

thin one. And like the producers of a Hollywood movie that's failing with its audiences, the various camps are scrambling to write an ending the public will buy into. From the outside, it's hard to believe that anyone would want to take up the challenge. Davis, 60, re-elected for a second term in 2002, has become the lightning rod for everything from soaring energy costs (he by-producer of his predecessor's decision to deregulate power) to smog and crumbling schools. In a place that was but particularly hard by the dot-com collapse, he's weathering much of the blame for the continued struggles of California's economy—the world's 8th largest. The state's facing a deficit that estimates have pegged as high as \$38.8 billion. That's don't come much more threatening.

**ON THE BRIGHT SIDE**, perhaps it's a quiet year for Jon Lieberman to catch up on his reading or clean out his wallet. Trapped in a backwoods suburban office place north of Los Angeles, the man who came within a few imagined chucks of the second most powerful job in the world, and candidate for the 2004 Democratic presidential nomination, waits. The event, a press conference with a Freighairs' union endorsing the governor, is the only thing on Davis's schedule for the day. "Maybe he sits his writing on the way over here and they've have a quick nap after getting the bandages," says

a wag from a local TV station. When Davis arrives, more than an hour late, he spends a photo op with a group of "I-hate-and-jaws-did-fireside", dressed in the kind of impeccably tailored suit that can't be purchased for less than the equivalent of a modest mortgage payment—in Sotheby's.

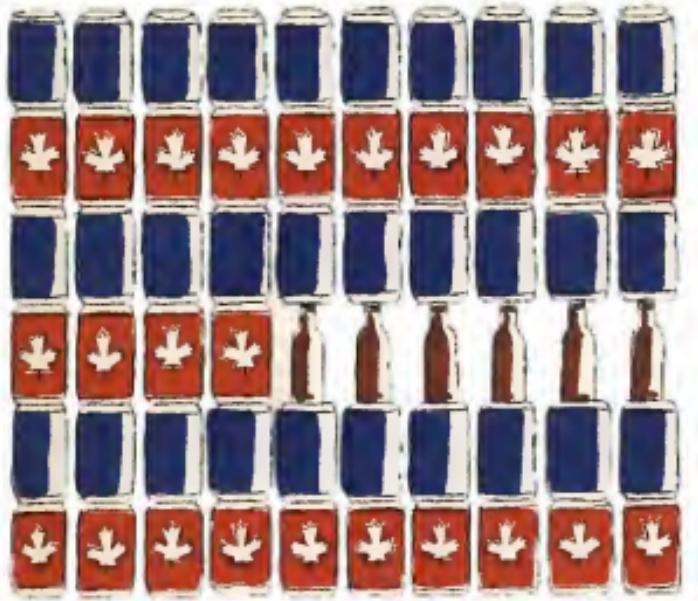
Lieberman brief remembers a moment best of partner, passion and wit. "I went to thank you for your support in 2000. It was so crucial. We'll be and I might have lost the election." He makes a link between the prolonged court battle for the presidency and what's happening in California. It's time for Democrats and Republicans to back off from last-call tactics.

Davis's speech is more stilted, and tinged with bitterness. "If we're going to have a trial, let's recall the 47 other governors who have given from surplus to deficit this year," he says. "Let's recall President Bush, who has a \$544.6-billion deficit." Davis makes a plea for stability—unions will avoid Cali-

fornia. It's the kind of dispersive argument traditionally raised by politicians who know they are about to get their backs closed.

On the side, a small group of workers from an neighbouring business hold up a bumper sticker, "Recall the very grey Davis." Most of them are particularly swayed by a proposed tripling in vehicle registration fees aimed at helping balance the budget. They blame the governor, he blames the legislature. "Anyone is better than Davis in," says Anne Ameling, Johnson Howell, his co-worker, says she's rooting for Schwarzenegger. "He's a businessman. He's got things done. He's not influenced by special interests." It's one of the hottest issues in this recall debate. Schwarzenegger, 56, aims to dietary political donations from unions and casino-rich Nevada. The Austrian-born actor has raised more than \$8813 million for his campaign so far, vastly outspending his rivals. Howell says he doesn't consider Hollywood to be one of those





# THE NEW HIP HOPS

Thirsty twentysomethings are shaking up the beer biz, writes BRIAN BERGMAN

ONE OF THE FEW perks I recall from my days as a student at the University of Alberta is that our student newspaper in the late 1970s had to do, natch, with beer. After a protracted struggle at Edmonton's Molson House, I, along with every other thirsty scriber, was sent packing with a complimentary chilled case of Canadian. I took the beer back to my fellow students at the Gateway, where we made quick work of it. For most of us, Canadian

was the beer of choice—it only because there was so little choice out there.

Ah, how times change. Today's young gamblers—a crucial demographic for all beer companies—are a smitten, fortunate, and lit, lot. They're sipping from shelves in beer and liquor stores brimming with import selections as well as such Canadian "craft" beers as Underdog, regional brews, and finer pub offerings upwards of dozen

different beers, foreign and domestic, on tap. "There's a new generation that's grown up with more exotic beers," says Stephen Beaumont, author of *The Great Canadian Beer Guide*. "Brand loyalty is not what it used to be. And I don't think the major brewers have yet grasped how significant that is."

To test this theory, I contacted the Gate, my current editor at *that'sChris*.com, and finer pub offerings upwards of dozen

more enough, he reports that the office budger— that inventory of deadline refreshers filled with Heineken, selections from Grolsch's Big Rock Brewing, an Edmontonian micro-brew called Alley Kat, and a Quebec brand, *La fin du monde* (*The End of the World*), which, at nine per cent alcohol content, appeals to those who believe a beer with a little more buzz is a good idea. Not a Canadian or Labatt Blue in sight. "I haven't drunk since high school," chuckles Bourne, 26. "Once I discovered there was a wide variety of beer that was better, I just left them behind."

In this, Bourne and his boozing buddies are following the example of their older boozers have for years been drifting away from the stoddy brews. From '48, and it's probably been two decades since I bought a case of Canadian, my old favourite. And with every other, I suspect, preferences have been shifted by mouth, both in Canada and abroad. A backpacking trip to '79 is indelible to English blues and European gaffers. When work took me to Toronto, I found myself sampling, then regularly at Inns, regional flavours such as Sleeman and Coors. After moving to Halifax, I'd order Maritime staples such as Moncton and assorted frothy ales at the Granite Brewery. Since returning to Alberta in 1998, I've become fond of the Big Rock Islands and the increasingly affordable imports available at the province's deregulated liquor stores.

Bourne and I, and all the others like us, are bad news for Canada's beer giants. Imports now make up nearly 10 per cent of domestic beer consumption here, double their market share in 1996. Craft brews account for another three per cent—almost as much as two decades ago. To be sure, Molson Inc. and Labatt Breweries of Canada have held their own in a year of softs. Together, they accounted for 87 per cent of the Canadian market, with Molson given a slight edge in overall sales. But industry analysts say those numbers mask a more serious slippage in domestic sales of such flagships brands as Canadian and Blue. Now, both companies are increasingly rely on partnerships which see them acting as distributor for various import brands. So when you crack a Carlsberg or a Heineken these days, you are actually sipping Molson's Miller share. Dito for Labatt if you've never

drunk toward Budweiser or Desjardins.

Of the two, Molson is considered to be in the tighter spot. Labatt's foreign partners include brands like the much-hyped Stella Artois, produced by Interbrew SA, the Belgian-based company that purchased Labatt in 1993. As a result, a greater percentage of the profits stay in the corporate family. In an attempt to realize similar benefits, Molson recently spent more than \$1 billion buying Heublein Inc. of Brazil, and it is heavily promoting its first Brazilian

brands that tap into the patriotic hearings (the Blue Canadian and Green) and feature fresh-faced young adults enjoying the heck out of their beer—and each other. All of which begs the question: why not pour yourself a beer, twisting herself?

It may not be that simple. Beaumont, who nearly always has the best beer in Canada, sampled over 800 different brands of beer for his latest guidebook. The ones he rated highest have a distinctive flavour that sets them apart from the pack. Not so with the flagships. While Labatt and Molson been unctuously sound, says Beaumont, "these companies make their money the same way as Coke and McDonald's—by making something that is the least offensive, rather than the best tasting."

Or perhaps it's the way millions of people like their Blue and Canadian just the way they are. You meet with them at your park. (Remember the "new Coke" fiasco?)

Then again, taste and loyalty may not be the deciding factors. Beer drinkers, after all, can be a superficial—and off-conscious—lot, easily swayed by a brew that comes in a green bottle or裹assed with a coat of lime. "It's all about image," says Michael Palmer, a beer analyst with Toronto-based Venice Investment Research. "And it's no longer cool to drink Canadian or Blue." Indeed, he says, such brands are often viewed by young drinkers as "your father's beer" (ouch). Beaumont agrees with that, but the possible exception of the accessible, beer in the most unglamorous product around. And, of course, he finds, an interesting orientation-specific to that drinking habit. "Those who think it perfectly reasonable to have a Blue or Canadian in the bar game, wouldn't think of putting out that same beer when welcoming guests to a cocktail party."

So are the big boys doomed? Hardly. Analysts expect Molson and Labatt to expand the range of import beers they sell in Canada while holding up export sales of their own brands. Already, Blue is the third top-selling import beer in the United States, where it's doing well against that country's ubiquitous microbrews. Back home, though, the tide has turned for brands that once dominated in the evolution of all others. "I don't think people who have tried what's out there are likely to go back to drinking Canadian or Blue all the time," says Beaumont. Two generations of Grolsch drinkers will raise a glass to that.

**'THERE'S** a new generation that's grown up with more exotic beers. Brand loyalty is not what it used to be.'

on label. A Molson Bistro, in Canada. But in the short run, at least, the Beersian fogg has proven costly, but pay-off comes to a 46-per-cent drop in Molson's net earnings in the most recent fiscal quarter. Meanwhile, lackluster domestic sales led to a corporate reshuffle in August, with former Procter & Gamble executive Les Hiltz brought in as Molson's head of marketing and sales for Ontario and Western Canada. New sales manager vice-president were also appointed to major Ontario/West beer divisions, including the one charged with flagging Canadian.

The big brewers have tried to boost sales through price cuts, giveaway promotions and, of course, an endless series of television commercials. For party professionals, Beaumont sampled 800 different beers



## DON'T WEEP FOR BONDS

The end of the great bond bull market is a sign of global recovery

**THE GREAT** bond bull market is over. From September 1981 to June 2003, the industrial world experienced a remarkable bull market in bonds, driven by the collapse in long U.S. treasury bond yields from 13.75 per cent to 4.5 per cent. When yields go down, bond prices go up. In spite of duration, it was the golden age for bond investors. Yes, there were brief, brief corrections within that long period of decline in interest rates, notably 1987 and 1994. But they were temporary unpleasantnesses—the financial equivalent of rude backs in church.

severely勉強 to disconnect the participants, but not in other process.

What was at work those past two decades was successive deflation. Although bond market rates reflect long-term influences, such as central bank moves, their basic price trend is driven by changes in inflation. For example, interest rates plunged during the Reagan era, despite huge fiscal deficits and an economic boom, because that administration's policies on deregulation, tax-cutting, shifting from defense spending and keeping the guru Paul Volcker in Fed chairman were fundamentally deflationary; interest rates declined sharply and bonds boomed.

Bonds, whether of the home or foreign variety, are destined to die eventually. What made that bond market unique in financial markets was its ability to seem-in the words of the aphorist of the market: whether the economy was weak or strong. He would rest for a while when the Fed was tightening, but just to regroup its strength.

His final gait came this spring and the most widespread talk of deflation risk since the Depression. With Japan and China in outright deflation, Federal Reserve Board chairman Alan Greenspan issued a warning about that to the U.S. Result: investors rushed to bonds, with special emphasis on those issued by the industrial nations running the steepest fiscal deficits. The year Japanese government bond yields plunged to a sub-basis point—the 0.45 per cent actuarial yield then 10-year U.S. treasuries were touching a 40-year low of 3.15 per cent.

Since then, bonds have been beaten up so badly that some observers are proclaim-

ing the Death of the Bull and the Birth of the Bear. Jobi ya hi have trilled, and U.S. 10-year yields are up by roughly one-third. For holders of long-term bonds, perhaps the best interpretation of the summer bond sell-off is that the bull became a steamer. (Badka's overexposure is a painful and undignified experience for bulls of all kinds.) That means we have seen (or are now seeing) the bottom for home mortgage rates—certainly in the U.S. and, with lags, across the rest of the industrial world. It explains why most bond mutual funds have been dropping in value this year.

So what makes the turn-up in bond yields the sign of the end of an era? First, the evidence grows weekly that a globally synchronized economic recovery has begun. If so, it will take years to unfold

Crash that few observers saw those increases as anything but “dead cat bounces.” (Triple Waterfall, which we mentioned frequently in this space, are long-term coupons of some kind of financial assets; the process takes more than a decade, interrupted by brief “suckers” moments which reassured investors that the good times are going to return. Nothing is currently undergoing such a rebirth.) Having completed their crash, consumers are, believe, in a new bull market.

Commodities, which are classic inflation hedges, made an opposite fashion to bonds. If the Bond Bull is seriously dead, then a Commodity Bull must have already been born, even if this birth has not been certified by the high priests of economics.

The onset of a long-term bond bear market does not mean interest rates are headily higher now. Global liquidity has been growing so strongly that there is lots of money to buy bonds and mortgages. As for U.S. treasury bonds, the central banks of Japan, China and Korea have been buying billions of dollars' worth per week to hold down their currencies' values in the exchange markets. That strategic buying drives down bond yields, for now.

Nevertheless, if by next spring the Japanese and Korean economic recoveries are still accelerating, and Europe has joined them, and commodity prices are still rising, then interest rates will move to higher plateau as a prelude to moving to much higher levels. People who did not reinforce their long-term borrowing will look back on the summer with anger—at themselves. Conversely, people with money to invest in bonds will be experiencing the novel pleasure of being offered attractive interest rates on their savings.

And the bond bull's death will be proclaimed at least by financial pathologists. ■

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# Mozart of the mound

Doc Halladay makes the ball sing

→ **Nashville cat: Jordin Tootoo becomes a Predator**

→ **Get over it: In soccer women rule**



**WE HAVE** seen (or are now seeing) the bottom for home mortgage rates, certainly in the U.S. and, with lags, across the rest of the industrialized world

fully, and interest rates will inevitably rebound from their 40-year (or longer) low. These record-low bond yields, properly priced for a time, investors faced the threat of a deflationary recession, are interpreted when global credit demand rises strongly year by year—and central banks worldwide switch from easing to squeezing.

Second, commodities are in a new bull market, and it also looks to be long-lived. Commodities (oil, gold, and gas) went狂狂 during 2004, but they had been so beaten down in a two-decade bear market that had begun with a Triple Waterfall

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**Editor's Note**  
**SCOTT MORRISON**

## Beneath the athlete's uniform beats the heart of an average Joe

In the intrepid world of professional sports, we get so focused on wealth and wins that we sometimes forget that, beneath the uniform, beats the heart of an average joe. Though usually rich and successful, athletes, too, often have to overcome adversity to make it to The Show. Such is the case with two young athletes featured in this edition of *Sportspaper Magazine*.

Today, that athlete is Roy Hall. Today, that athlete is Scott Morrison.

and a potential Cy Young Award winner. Not so long ago, the very same Doc Halladay had been damaged in Class A Daytona and was trying to rebuild his game. With the help of a pitching coach and a trainer, as writer Marty Linn told us, Doc put the pieces back together.

Jordin Tootoo of Rankin Inlet could become the first-ever Inuk to make it to the National Hockey League. If the 20-year-old sticks with the Nashville Predators, not bad for a lad who grew

up 3,100 km. north of Winnipeg and, as senior wiper Scott Morrison tells us, had to deal with the culture shock of moving away from home when he was 14, then the sounds of his older brother, Terrence, himself a pitcher.

Also in this issue, veteran hockey writer Tim Wharnsby pays a visit to East Amherst, N.Y., a suburb of Buffalo once known as Mr. Bowman's neighborhood. It is home, of course, to Scotty Bowman, and the story gives us a new glimpse into life way down the road for the winningest coach in NHL history.

In the end, all three enclosed stories we don't see often enough as the distance between athletes and fans continues to broaden.

This is the third edition of *Sportspaper Magazine*. Before the year is over, there will be a fourth. Our goal is to offer perspective, strong opinion and good stories. Let us know if we've succeeded.

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Roy's family, friends, fans and  
fans of his international  
soccer career are cheering  
him on. And the best part  
of it? It's all for a good cause.

**By Scott Morrison** **913**



**Sportspaper Magazine**

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**ROGERS**

# Mozart of the mound

*With a little help and a lot of heart, Roy Halladay has learned to make beautiful music with a baseball.*

By Marty York

**G**rand Ash was vacationing in Florida during the spring of 2002 when, by sheer coincidence, he bumped into Roy Halladay.

Only a year earlier, when Ash was still the general manager of the Toronto Blue Jays, he drafted Halladay all the way down to the lowest rung of the baseball ladder — Class A Dunedin. It was a harsh blow to the ego of the Jays' first-round draft choice in 1995.

"When I met with him in spring training of 2000, I basically told him that he needed to go back to square one and re-buttal his pitching mechanics," Ash recalls from his office in Milwaukee, where he serves as the Brewers' assistant general manager. "We were stumped. It was not a phenomenon. So Franklin wasn't sure what to expect from Halladay when I ran him out on my vacation."

Halladay was no longer stumped. "He was approximate," Ash says. "He shook my hand, and he thanked me for sticking with him."

“

**He shook my hand, and he thanked me for sticking with him.**

”

Halladay has now become one of the top starting pitchers in the major leagues. After making the American League all-star team this season, he has emerged as a strong candidate for the Cy Young Award.

"It's been an incredible run, and I am grateful for the guys," says Jason Giambi, the New York Yankees'

slugger. "He's gone from a guy without confidence and an attitude-adjusting stud. He can single-handedly beat you."

Halladay largely credits two men for his revival — a former pitching coach and a shrink.

The ex-pitching coach is Mel Quince who persuaded Halladay during his minor-league demotion to completely revamp his mechanics. The shrink is Dr. Harvey Dorfman, a 68-year-old sports psychologist, who co-authored the book *The Mental Game of Baseball: A Guide to Peak Performance*. Dorfman has worked with major league pitchers such as the Atlanta Braves' Greg Maddux, the Los Angeles Dodgers' Ken Caminiti, the Seattle Mariners' Jamie Moyer and the New York Mets' Al Leiter, all of whom had experienced ten-pisque detours.

"Harvey's turned out to be very helpful for me," says Halladay, affectionately known as Doc. "I haven't talked much about him publicly, but he's very important for me. He's a good friend, a guy who's helped me a lot with my confidence and my mental approach. Whenever I need to get my head cleared, he's there for me."

Dorfman is employed by super-agent Scott Boras for the purposes of working with Boras' clients. Halladay, however, has different representatives — Boras and rivals Alan and Randy Hendricks.

A close friend of Jays manager Carlos Tosca, Dorfman was recruited to Toronto early in the 2002 season to work with left-hander Felipe Lopez. Lopez, who has since been traded to Cincinnati, was trying to work his way into the Jay's lineup.

"I was on the field with Lopez," says Dorfman from his North Carolina home, "when Roy came up to me and told me he was reading my book. He said his wife had just bought it for him as a present. Well, he wouldn't let me go. He was like a sponge. And we just hit it off."

Halladay asked Dorfman to counsel him. And Dorfman agreed, despite the conflict of interests. "I couldn't turn my back



## COMMAND PERFORMANCE

With former Blue Jays pitching specialist Mel Quince and most prestigious former Blue Jays, Roy Halladay came back from the farm with a new outlook and refined mechanics. "He's never been a firecracker," says Halladay's agent, Scott Boras. "He's a ride at the big leagues that wouldn't be collecting for the '90s," says Toronto Bay Area Rays manager Ian Needs.



# Get over it

*Canada's women's national soccer team has carried more than a nation's expectations into this year's World Cup.*

By Ryan Johnston

It's safe to characterize the Canadian sports community as patriarchal, revering male athletes and their sports.

But when the Fédération Internationale de Football Association (fifa) Women's World Cup kicked off this year in Philadelphia on September 23, a women's program earned the expectations of a nation and stood on the verge of earning some serious international clout.

What for a pair of golden goal deficits to the United States – first, in the final of the 1999 United-19 Women's World Championship and then, in the final of the 2000 Gold Cup of the Confederation of North, Central American and Caribbean Association Football – the Canadian women's national soccer team would have entered its September 20 opening match against Germany that year as an undraped favourite. And was Canada decimated with expectation? In the run-up to the tournament, the de-

finitive world champions from the United States had put the lot.

While it is difficult to dispute the top billing assigned to the American team, some of the squads that stand between Canada and the U.S. should count their blessings.

The fifth-ranked Swedes, for example, are contenders by default. The oil-rich South Americans are capable of scaring at will against lesser opponents, but they have lost three of their last four meetings against Canada. The Brazilians are aggressive, but they look diminished when matched in style by the equally ferocious Canadians.

Third-ranked Germany also carries strong traditions of winning. The five-time European champions dominated their qualifying series, recording six victories in six matches with a plus-28 goal differential. The



Canada's Abby Wambach (previous page), Diana Matheson (left), and Germany's Birgitz (right)

German team. Canada 4-1 in their first match on September 26, despite the earnestness of finding out of a group that includes the Canadians.

The fifth-ranked Swedish side should be favored by majority perch. Put at high expectation, the Swedish national team has often pulled up short on the world stage. While capable of punishing the have-nots, Sweden could only scratch out a 1-1 draw against Canada back in March of this year.

The Canadian team that takes the field this year against the best the world has to offer is a perfect synergy of Ian Kinsler's U-16 squad and Kevin Muscat's national team. The U-19 series spurred national interest in the summer of 2002 with a remarkable run at the now U-19 Women's World Championship in Switzerland. As Canada drew closer to the final game, newly minted fans sat up and paid attention to names like Kara Lang and Christine Sinclair.

Sinclair is a dangerous up-and-comer who scored 10 goals in four matches in Switzerland, including five against England. She earned the Golden Boot as top scorer and the Golden Ball as MVP of the tournament.

Lang, an attacking midfielder who leads equally in home and away, has 10 goals in 15 games for the national team. The building star is one-upped American poster girl Mia Hamm by becoming the youngest player (15

years, 132 days) to score in a full international. (Brazilian icon Pelé scored his first international goal at age 17.)

At 35, Chantale Hooper occupies the other end of the age spectrum. A member since the squad's inception in 1987, Hooper embodies Canadian soccer fantasy every time she takes the field or哪怕 a goal.

All that talent and expectation exists under an umbrella of personality, not ego. Each team member values the importance of drawing the red sweater and feels moti-

vated by the prospect of raising Canadian soccer profile to an unprecedented level.

The only true sports enthusiast to have turned down their maroon chorister is when brave souls like Mayley McEachern or Argentine Soriano have landed the world's longest boys' club. That will change once the Canadian women now competing for the soccer championship of the world.

Ryan Johnston is a web producer for Sportsnet.ca.

## STONEHOUSE

MENS' COLLECTIONS FALL 2003



# Nashville cat

*Jordin Tootoo calls himself a little Eskimo from nowhere. He won't be for long.*

By Scott Burnside

Jordin Tootoo's lower extremities have been submerged in an ice bath in the Nashville Predators' training facility for about 10 excruciating minutes, when he announces that it reminds him of home.

Specifically, it reminds the Rankin Inlet native of trying to hibernate his snowshoe leviathan expanses of sparsely vegetated tundra of ice and then to a split of head to extract a Canadian goose he'd shot — with his brother-in-law on the back.

"I didn't find it enough gas," Tootoo admits. "I braked. The skis were on the ice, the back end went up."

The failed recovery but this spring deposited Tootoo — expected to be the first-ever Inuit to play in the NHL — elbow-deep in frigid Arctic waters.

"That was before my contract was signed," he humors to add.

In a hallway between the weight room and ice surface of the Predators' quiet practice facility at the Centennial Sportsplex in Nashville, tiny flagged pens on map tape the wall mark the hometown of each player behind a banner that says, "Nashville Predators."

Tootoo's pen sticks outlessly from the top of the map. Nashville, basically on the map. "Grazin' them, they'll have to get a new map," he grogs before heading for the locker room.

It's not often a prospect craves the kind of buzz that Tootoo

km. north of Winnipeg, from Sports Illustrated magazine and the daily newspaper *USA Today*. Mass reporters and photographers will keep watching the 29-year-old Tootoo until he either raises the Predators' NHL squad or heads to their AHL affiliate in Milwaukee.

"I know he's famous," says Tootoo's mother, Rose, "but he's still our baby."

That was no ordinary summer for the Tootoo family. A year ago, Jordin's older brother, Terence, shot himself after being charged with driving under the influence in Brandon, Man. Terence had made history of his own as the first Inuit to play professional hockey when he played the 2001-02 season with the Brandon Wheat Kings of the East Coast Hockey League.

"It's hard to bear this summer because of the loss of our other son," says Rose.

Jordin's best friend, Troy Aksakalik, has spent long stretches of time living with the Tootoos since his own father committed suicide when Aksakalik was one. Visiting Nashville to make up for the short time Tootoo was home this summer, Aksakalik says, "He talks about it [Terence's death] when things are going hard, how he just has to get through it. If I had a brother and lost him that way, I don't think



## WHO'S READY?

**Size:** 5'9", 187 lbs.  
**Weight:** 200 lbs.  
**Skills:** Solid skating, good shot, good stickhandling, good puck protection, good face-off skills.  
**Strengths:** He's a natural athlete, good at reading the play, good at reading the puck.  
**Weaknesses:** Needs to work on his shot, needs to work on his stickhandling, needs to work on his puck protection, needs to work on his face-offs.

I'll be able to go on the way Fredericton Barber gets his body to [play].

In Inuitland, Rankin Inlet means "sleep bay." But in the town of 2,330, there is a more serious deep sleeping as well. Unemployment runs about 22 percent. About one-third of the mostly Aboriginal population call it their home. The average age for Aboriginal youth is five to six times the national average, and alcohol and drug abuse is endemic.

But as Tootoo finds more measure of comfort in the innocence of hockey and the familiarity of the dressing room, his community has focused on his success as a way of chipping away at their own suffering. And Tootoo embraces their interest with honesty and grace.

"I can't get caught up trying to make it to the next [for other people]," he says. "I know I'm still here, I'm going the way for a lot of Aboriginal kids. But I'm doing it first for myself."

Tootoo's success becomes all the more impressive when you discover that he didn't play organized hockey until he moved away from home at the age of 14. Until then, he and his friends played with older boys in endless skirmishes at the Rankin Inlet arena.

"We were just playing against each other all the time," Tootoo says, blushing each other.

In the fall of 1997, Tootoo's father arranged for him to play hockey in Iqaluit. Living in the suburb of Spruce Grove, Tootoo was the only Inuit student in his school and the only Inuit player on the ice. He paid the price for his differences with taunts and fights. But Tootoo gave as good as he got. In his first regular-season hockey game, he was suspended for five games for fighting. "I thought I was at home," he says with a shrug.

If his opponents heard him,

his teammates loved him. They said Tootoo the most popular player in his team for five straight years, the last four with the Western Hockey League's Brandon Wheat Kings.

"It's someone I would like to have played with," says Nashville coach assistant Rick Knickle, who compares Tootoo to former Leaf captain Wendell Clark. "People really trying to score Tootoo on a trip through western Canada. It wasn't easy because Tootoo kept getting himself opened from games, once for the amorphous range of action of 'tucking' the reality, says Knickle, was that Tootoo was simply hitting people too hard. "Oh my God. He is such a hard player to play against," says Knickle, a former 10-year King George. "The son, is going to go. Wow! Who is this kid?"

Learning keeps the table set for Tootoo in Nashville. A coach who has failed to make a serious playoff bid in his five years of existence, the Predators desperately need a person with whom their fans can identify.

"I think if he can do his thing, he'll be a very popular player in Nashville," says General Manager David Poile.

It is unlikely in a Nashville entry jolted with young professionals and exodus from nearby Vanderbilt University. A gangly blonde whipsaw, ready enough for Tootoo to hear, that she thinks he recognizes her.

At their table, Tootoo and Aksakalik gather with their players as only longtime friends can. Tootoo leans back and smiles briefly.

"A little Eskimo from nowhere is here in Nashville," he says, "eating a turkey sandwich with his best friend. Never thought that would happen."

Scott Burnside is the senior writer for *Sportsman Magazine*.

# Mr. Bowman's neighbourhood

Whether he leads them to the Stanley Cup or East Amherst, N.Y., NHLers seem to follow Scotty Bowman wherever he goes.

By Tim Whamsey

If you happened to smell down the such fairway of the Tonawanda Country Club as the wee hours of the morning, chances are you would see a light on in the back room off the kitchen of the modest white house about halfway between the tee and the green.

And if you peaked through the window, you'd see Scotty Bowman sitting in his easy chair, keeping up all the National Hockey League games being played throughout North America.

Bowman might have intended last year to have cashing in the rent. For almost 30 years, his passion for hockey still burns bright, and so does the indulgent off-his-TV room. During hockey season, Bowman spends most of his time here, coaching games from coast to coast. He picks them up on two satellite dishes — one for Canadian networks, the other for American — and uses a laptop computer to keep scores of hockey games from around the world.



Study/dedicated basement: years of hockey

Now 70 years old, Bowman has lived in this house in East Amherst, N.Y., for almost 35

years, ever since he moved with his family from Montreal to take a job coaching the Buffalo Sabres, who play about 35 miles to the west. Bowman's presence in that neighbourhood has turned it into one of the most concentrated communities of

assistant coach Don Lever, Buffalo Sabres coach Lindy Ruff, the Sabres' assistant to the GM, Larry Cane, Buffalo president Terry Macda and Hockey Night in Canada解说员 Harry Neale. The Islanders' Michael Peca and the Rangers' Matthew Barnaby belong to the local golf club.

"How many neighbourhoods can say they have up to 15 Stanley Cup winners?" Neale says. "Mind you, 33 belong to Scotty [Lane is a coach, one sister Pittsburgh Penguins director of player personnel, and his wife is a teacher, coach and assistant coach of the Edmundston Oilers].

"But seriously, that is a great place to live. If I was to put a blindfold on you and transport you here, this could easily be any suburb of any big city."

Neale knows Bowman well in any neighbourhood they competed for years before. Neale, his wife and three children moved to East Amherst in 1986. One of their first encounters came when Neale was coaching the Vancouver Canucks. At the time, Bowman was the coach and general manager

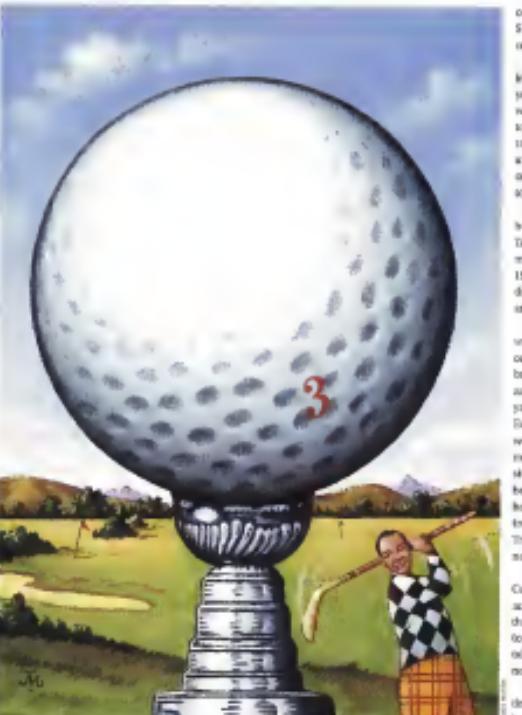
of the Sabres, and he was milking — sort of — in his inclusion at home, taking in the Canucks' Canes, while three-time nominees every

During the same Neale said the Canucks' coach, Claude Ruel, were watching. Neale and the Canucks' unit of Thomas Gosselin, Brian Sopel and Curt Fraser had beaten the Sabres' Guy Lafleur and Steve Shutt. The switch-up worked for Neale. The Canucks pushed the powerhouse Canadiens into overtime.

In the extra period, Neale told the Canucks to first try to keep the Canadiens' top players off the ice; they wouldn't get much ice time. The play worked. The Canucks won the game.

To get home a couple hours after the game and the phone rang, Neale says. "It must be around 4 a.m. back to Buffalo, but Scotty is on the other end, and organizing me as my match rep."

Lever, a native of South Porcupine, Ont., moved to the neighbourhood a few years after Bowman, when he was coaching the Vancouver Canucks. At the time, Bowman was the coach and general manager



In Vancouver, Bowman coached Lever briefly in Buffalo to the end of his playing career. Victoria, British Columbia's Jerry Karsh suggested that Lever and his wife, Karen, should settle in East Amherst. The family has been there ever since, even though Lever now works in St. Louis during the season.

In fact, Lever now 50, played in the wildest two of his neighbourhoods in the 1970s. Harry Neale coached the former forward in Tonawanda, Bowman coached him in East Amherst. And they know each other well. "If not for the border, you'd think you were in Canada," Neale says.

As senior resident of this little hockey community, Bowman is growing. When Neale left the Wings in 1996 to take a job with Hockey Night in Canada, he also compensated to Tonawanda, but the four-hour drive from Detroit became too much. He compensated to Tonawanda, but Caroway has peak duty: then replay coach and commentator. His wife, Peggy's

occupation: Bowman Lever and Sister finally purchased home to move to East Amherst.

"They all said, 'This sure is a little weird, and we're going to let you in because we know you, but we don't want too many people to know it,'" Neale says. "Now it takes me an hour and 40 minutes to drive to Tonawanda and I'm only 10 minutes from the airport to get to most of them planes."

Life in Mr. Bowman's neighbourhood consists around Tonawanda Valley, a short but demanding layout designed in the 1920s by George Langlands, a disciple of renowned course architect Donald Ross.

In fact, members are just waiting for another day like the one in 2002, when Neale brought the Stanley Cup home and put it on display in his back yard. The course was jammed. Every tee time was booked. The word was out. East Amherst's most famous resident, and Tonawanda Valley's most famous member, once again was bringing home the world's most famous trophy to share with his local Tonawanda Valley neighbours and neighbours.

"Scotty played the Stanley Cup in the back yard of his house, and all the excitement going down the south hill that day caused me to sit in and get their pictures taken with it," Neale says. "We've never seen such excitement."

Even though Bowman is retired, his passion for hockey still burns bright.

"When myself, Scotty, Don, Lindy and the others get together, hockey is always the hot topic," says Neale. "What's going on, what's going on, and what's going to go on. It's like our paperboy. He knows what's going on around the league, because he's on the Internet, right?"

Tim Whamsey is a veteran hockey writer in Tonawanda.



**Game Over**  
**MIKE TOTH**

**Can we talk? To the cliché-driven world of pro sports, the CFL brings a breath of fresh air.**

Watch Sportnet-news long enough and you're bound to hear pro athletes recite every cliche in the book. "We gave it 110%," "We wanted it more than they did," "Nobody can take this away from us!"

But amidst this mind-numbing mediocrity of mumbbliss, something weird and wonderful is happening in the Canadian Football League.

Players aren't just talking to the camera. They're actually saying something.

Most modern athletes are trained in the art of not saying anything that might inflame the opposition. But unlike other professional sports leagues, NFL teams don't have the cash to pay for media relations courses to instruct players on what to say and how to say it. Critics are absolutely unfettered.

Out west, in the mighty jungle of British Columbia, you won't find any lions sleeping tonight. They'll be up and down chattering away like a bunch of sugarplum fairies at a sleepover. That is one of the reasons why attendance in B.C. Place is up by 6,000 a game over last year. Dan Mortimer, the lone director of communications, says much of this credit belongs to the team's colourful cast of characters.

"If you have a team with a bunch of cookie cutters, people won't find you interesting," says Herbst. "Our lot easier to put together a good story," says Rintoul. "People really get a kick out of some of the things they see."

The team isn't the only ones encroaching. Often, coaches express themselves. Even the coaches don't seem to mind.

Does Terrene's talk, Victoria defensive and for the Saskatchewan Rough Riders, sound ready to play? Here's what he says about his role on the team: "I'm out in this machine. Watch out the ad, it just doesn't run right. That's just real."

“Our Canadian kids will be ready to play,” Harvey said. “Hans is how we welcomed the Calgary Stampeders to the home town. They’re going to come to Edmonton and we’re going to kick their butt.”

(D) **10:00 a.m.** Harvey went to the airport to meet his wife, Debbie, and their two sons, Matt and Mattie, who had been in the States for the holidays. “I’m not going to be home for Christmas,” he said. “I’m going to be in the States for the holidays. I’m not going to be home for Christmas.”



A collage of four images: a colorful abstract painting of a landscape, a person in a white shirt and red shorts performing a handstand on a beach, a painting of a person in a red shirt, and a person in a red shirt sitting at a desk.

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## A GOLDEN NUGGET

Dawson City still attracts global adventurers

Gold! We leap from our benches,

Gold! We spring from our stools.

Gold! We wheel in the furrow,  
fired with the faith of fools...

Leaving our homes and our loved ones,  
crying confidently, "Gold!"

—Robert Service, *The Trail of Ninety-Eight*

IT WAS one of the few times that Robert Service, "Bard of the Yukon," could not be accused of embellishing the facts. If anything, he was underplaying the gold-rush fever that swept the world in 1897. It was a fever of contagious insanity, and one thousand more than 100,000 gold-seekers on a wild stampede toward a remote valley in Canada's Yukon. The headliners used it all, "Gold! Gold! Gold!"

The stampede pushed north along several ill-defined trails. Some fought their way up the B.C. interior, others—outlawed by prospectors—attempted to travel overland from Edmonton, headbutts were well known and men trying to hike along glacial icefields. The more direct route, and the most popular, was by ship up the Alaska peninsula and then dragging your supplies over either the Chilkat or White passes and into Canada. From there, you would have to hold a rafter or sail boat and sail down

the Yukon River. The gold-seekers were young, for the most part. Men less than in their 30s, but there were women too, and children. There were former prospectors and ex-bank presidents, automatic rifles and fax-French "coupons," press boxes and dignitaries, rich men and poor. They moved in dishevelled column, like a massive, undisciplined army marching northward, ever northward. Fewer than 40,000 made it. Many died, many turned back.

The first rugged travellers didn't arrive from the south until 1898, wondering only to find that the hot charcoal already been staked by the prospectors who were living in the North. No miners. The journey itself had been a test of character and there was still gold to be made "mining the miners." At the nearly confluence of the Yukon and Klondike rivers a showboat had appeared almost overnight. It was Dawson City, a sprawling community of canvas tents and fluid front saloons, where indiscipline reigned in mud-caked boats pulled along the streets with Mississippi river gondolas and Belgian good-time girls.

By 1899, Dawson, with at least 30,000 people, was the largest city west of Victoria, larger than Victoria. In the far-flung reaches of the sub-Arctic, Dawson City was flooded in the "Porn of the North," a heady mix of saloons, gaming houses and

raucous dance halls. The laziest Parisian flâneurs could be seen on its streets, and the tiny boasted all the latest technological marvels—telephones, electric lights, and motion-picture cameras—at a time when many cities to the south did not. And if Dawson's elegant false-fronts had rough-hewn log cabins, so be it. It was a false front sort of town.

The streets gleamed with gold—literally at times, in the track and road of the alluviums in the ravines on the business floors, gold dust sparked (the sunbeams still were regularly panned for gold at the end of the night). In Dawson, gold was its evening. It was, in fact, one of the most vibrant communities around. When a horseback rider held up a restaurant and said chocolates for his dance-hall girl, he found that although the gold was in the till, the chocolates—much rarer than gold—were tucked away in a safe. I ate first.

This summer, I decided to take my family to the Klondike along one of the original "Trails of '98." Travelling by plane, train, boat and automobile, we retraced the White Pass Route from Skagway, Alaska, to Dawson City. Our Klondike trip included my wife and sons, and our two children. Alex, who is, by his own calculation, "five-and-a-quarter," and his brother, Alister, who is just over a year old and capable of producing twice his body weight in peap pods. Dawson



It is you to decide which breed of stampeder had a more difficult task ahead of them.

**WE BEGIN** our quest for Klondike gold in Skagway, once the heart of cannibal mania, where thousands of hapless stampeders had been unleashed in a jumbled mess of chaos and confusion. In the lawless anarchy that was Skagway, miners were waylaid and separated from their money before they ever reached the White Pass. Today, it is a structure that seems to be comprised entirely of wooden shacks. When we arrive in Skagway, the cruise ships are in and the shops are crowded with tourists. Which is to say, no much has changed.

We cross the White Pass by rail, along narrow-gauge tracks that laid down between 1898 and 1900. The White Pass & Yukon Route Railway, built to move supplies and ore inland, now runs extensions to the summit. It is one of the steepest rail lines in the world. The train snakes along a dead drop and leaps across sheer steeping, testing, just past like waterfalls and favored valleys. We plunge in and out of mountainsides, through tunnels blasted from the granite, and when we emerge, these tall walls like a memory, like a star, at the original Trail of '98, the path that so many followed into the Yukon. The tracks span Dead Horse Gulch, where 3,000 pack animals, over loaded and treated cruelly, had stumbled to their death, and then, in the crisp alpine air, we reach the top. Canada.

Here, at the summit, the North West Mounted Police were once stationed. When one crossed over from Alaska to Yukon, from the U.S. to Canada, everything changed. Law and order replaced lawlessness. Barbers cut hair, replaced beavers fur-for-silks. The Mountains, among them the legendary Simon Fraser, slumped down to a gentle incline on the long line of stampeder's making their way over the mountains. Here, atop a wind-swept ice pass, they carefully collared contours and made sure that everyone entering Canadian territory brought with them a year's worth of supplies, a full ton of food and equipment that had to be dragged up the mountains in relays. (A ton of supplies, you say? A mere ton? Ha! We have at least that much with us. Why, the stampeders down south have a burro's arrival.)

Having crossed into Canada, the soon-pelting converged on the frozen shores of Lake Bennett at the headwaters of the Yukon River system, and when the ice broke in spring, a rapids-buzzed off, ran across 300 feet, lifting little boats and rope-bound rafts, handrailed and jury-rigged, sweeping along the Yukon, heading for Dawson.

But the greatest danger still lay ahead. At Miles Canyon, the river narrowed and sheeted itself off, 30 m high, creating a churning maelstrom of water. It was like a shooting gallery of hazardous hidden shallows, natural obstacles, bone-crushing ledges. And today get



**DAWSON** was once the 'Paris of the North,' larger than Vancouver and boasting the latest fashions and technological marvels, along with saloons and dance halls

supply line, but with the paved highways and daily flights of today, the river has been all but classified. It is a wide, mushy flow, a porous grey expanse of water that winds its way below us on our bumpy flight north from Whitehorse.

At Dawson, the silty waters of the Yukon meet the clear-running Klondike. And gold—or rather, the pursuit of gold—a religion as soon as we landed. Diving into town from Dawson's small airport, we pass the epicurial-like maze of rabbit-holed saloons. The entire Klondike Valley has been rechristened and renovated, first by miners and later by large, early-clearing dredges and more miners again, readyfully filling the ground for gold.

Dawson today is home to about 2,000 residents, and throughout the surrounding hills on the creeks, its main industry is "mining tourists" in the same way that the city once "mined the miners." It's a remarkable tower the muddy streams and wooden stillobows, the fish traps and the tin roofs, the buildings that lean drunkenly, this-way and that, riding the fine waves. Dogs lop big, bag-bum-chained ears soaked in mud, and the purple-sheathed tentacles—tentacles of Native mythology—curl on their namesake welcome. They watch you like padlocks eyeing a crowd.

From elegant mansions to the ramshackle Dawson Hotel with its patchwork of adjoining rooms, from the well-preserved steamwheel to the abandoned bark houses at (the very bark when a post by the name of Service once worked as a teller), Dawson City is still Dawson, respected to a ghost town, weird and family—and there are ghosts aplenty in Dawson—but they're no worse of lingering despair or yearning nostalgia. Only the celebration of a glorious and unprecedented moment in history, when sub-Arctic gold-rush country outshines any other.

Among bustling businesses and modest buildings overgrown with bushes, along the riverbank and roadside, whenever you are there are berries of colour. The drowsy, thin bloom, great magnolias, so named because they are among the first plants to grow in an area after a fire has swept through. Like the berries that later along the telephone wires, fireweed flowers are a territorial emblem. Augs of redcarpeted and raggedy, the flowers are

also—rarely enough—easily visible.

When the wilds of the Klondike Gold Rush first swept through, the Native population was forced to retreat downstream. For the Hän people of the Klondike region, the goldrush was devastating. Chief Isaac, leader of the Klondike area Hän, knew that his people's way of life was in peril. He sent a delegation across the border to the Native community at Eagle, Alaska to teach them their songs and dances, to preserve these until the Klondike Hän were strong enough to reclaim them. At one point there were very few fluent speakers of the language. Isaac, a man of German descent, named Holt Holl, owned a few houses and a wagon he built by hand, and he ran his Slope Ranch. Tom is unusually ambling manner, with his horse plodding along, up and down the mountainous streets.

Holl crossed the Chilkoot Trail by foot in 1998, celebrating 100th anniversary of the first rush, and he never looked back. "Germany's good," he says. "But this is where I belong."

"You're a happy man," I say. You found what you were looking for. A lot of people never do."

"A lot of people never look," he says, with a weary grin.

**OUR TRIP** ended in Dawson, and we even found gold. True story: in the glowing blue midnight light, we drove out to Bonanza Creek, where the first find was made—and even as I grab handfuls of flakes won and fortunes lost to my family—Alex suddenly peered and shouted "Gold!" He plunged into the water and pulled up a rock the size of his fist. Gold! And I saw in that moment how the road begins. Because it was just a yellowing speck of river sand. But what if it wasn't, what if...

And I whispered to him, "You know, they never found the motherlode. Some say it's up the valley somewhere, waiting to be discovered."

His eyes glowed.

Will Ferguson is the author of *Rebels & Rascals: A History of Canadian Characters*. For more on Ferguson, visit [willferguson.ca](http://willferguson.ca).

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# LAS VEGAS, P.Q.

ON THE STAGE OF THE NEWEST THEATRE IN LAS VEGAS, two beautiful, athletic young men, one white, one black, both shirtless and nude, dance a tango that looks at times like a mixed fight and at others like a rapsodia—dancers and crafts in a passionate embrace. In another number, a couple of gymnasts play out the *Aladdin* Star-in-a-maze effect—just after one apparently has become young contestants had done in air number in a giant fishbowl.

Oh my, oh my! Is this really Las Vegas, the puritanical Sin City where women spent

years for nipples? Vegas, the gambling haven where sex is still considered a sin, a slushy "gentlemen's club," or by droves of new immigrants from Central America living on the Strip, showing pictures of their "wives" in the faces of passing tourists?

Yup, it's Las Vegas all right, only with this: Las Vegas, P.Q.

Zauneray, *Carque du Soleil*'s newest of flying, was conceived and developed in Montreal before being crated and shipped to Las Vegas just a few weeks ago. It's a cabaret show, the *Carque*'s first venture outside its traditional aerial circus format, and it was a bit of a gamble too. Zauneray is all about seduction, sexual encounters, and sexual forays into gay, lesbian and BDSM life. But it's beautiful, and fun, too, and even before its official launch on Sept. 20, the show had generated a global buzz and triggered press奔 business inquiries from Paris and Berlin.

The fact that a bunch of bold and crazy artists and producers from Quebec would dare rewrite the book on how Las Vegas sex and sells sex and seduction—an art and a sexual form of art and desire—has been taken to article here. It's what the crazy *Comedie* with the fancy French accents have been doing here ever since *Mythic*, *Carque*'s first Vegas production, hit town 18 years ago, never to leave again.

IN THE TOPSY-TURVY world of Las Vegas, the apex of stardom lies somewhere below ground. Celine Dion's private dressing room in the bowels of the Colosseum—the US\$85-million, 4,000-seat theatre custom-built for

her and its sprawling castle of Caesar Palace—looks much like a windswept luxury condo: it's all dark wood, fresh flowers and tan leather, with private and formal dining rooms, kitchens and boudoirs, offices, a spa, a gym, and a kitchen where a chef cooks something risqué while the singer has her hair done in the dressing room. René Angelil, Dion's husband-producer, drinks Pernod from a crystal consider while telling quarks from a flurry of employees, all speaking French. "Yes, I guess you can say we rewrite the book," he says in his raspy voice. "We certainly raised the bar for anyone who wants to produce such a show."

Dion will cash in a cool US\$800-million over three years to sing in her state-of-the-art theatre—showless, acrobatic, dancing, rockin'—no orchestra pit, and North America's largest indoor LED video screen—designed by Montreal-based Scenic Plus. What really sets her show apart? It was directed by France D'Ono, of *Carque du Soleil* fame. *Dragon* has incorporated a good deal of the *Carque*'s trademark wow: 45 dancers, stage scuba divers, fabulous costumes and technical wizardry. "This couldn't have been produced on Broadway or in London," Angelil says. "They don't have the space, the money, the clientele for a show of that magnitude."

Dragon—who split from the *Carque*,

Quebecurs are rewriting the book on entertainment in Sin City. Sex still sells—but think eros, not sleaze.

BY BENOIT AUBIN



along with a smattering of executives and producers, in 1998—but a bright future ahead of him. He's designing a new show for the next biggest draw due to hit Las Vegas: Steve Wynn's US\$3-billion, ultra-extravagant hotel-casino, set to open in 2005. Wynn is the legendary developer who brought the *Caesars* to Vegas.

But Cirque officials are not complaining about the competition; they're locked into a lucrative agreement to provide entertainment for MGM-Murdoch, which, with more than 1,000 employees and 43,000 employees, is the biggest resort operator in town. On top of *Montreux*, the water spectacle *O*, and *Zumanity*, the Cirque is knocking up a fourth show, to be directed by world-renowned playwrights and to open next year. It's designed to recruit on-site.

**AT THE END** of the Lucas thermal Tullipano racer's obscenely luxurious cache of rumble, plush suppos, chafershies, flesh-savers and gold accessories, a tall blonde man in a red jacket stands guard at a high door that marks the line where betting stops and big-time business begins. In an eloquent sense of art that looks like a painter's palette, Terry Lanni, the CEO of MGM Mirage, has just one word to explain the very odd connection between French, northern, southern and mid-south racing, gambling—

"Today, Las Vegas is capitalizing on the essential wisdom instilled in its founders—that the promise of easy money means cash will always be the priority, a bawling life of virtue and hard work for pleasure is a waste of time. But the lesson the city has learned: Today, Vegas calls itself 'an experience'."

**MANHATTAN HAS ONE.** Singapore has one too, but Las Vegas does not have a three-named-in-one hotel. It's surprising, one Weiss is the most bounded and marketable

In downtown Las Vegas, the few structures still standing after 50 years are all that's left.

branched as historic or heritage sites. But what the city lacks in history, it makes up for in frantic pace of change. "Las Vegas has to constantly reinvent itself," Lanier says. "If it weren't its repeat customers to keep coming back." In the '50s, clever gangsters from California turned this quiet

would have to be really something, extra tall, conspicuously expressive, with a lot of flex and fluidly weird colours, and strong enough to make you check your sanity at the gate. "Everybody names here thinking she will be the exception to the odds, that she will own the city, that she will be called *Brash*."

ville once they are done with it," says Joe, a dairy cabbie from Chicago. "The flights out of here are much more quiet."

From the air, the Las Vegas Strip looks like a little boy's toy, with the world's greatest landmarks, the Eiffel Tower, the Bellagio, the Chrysler building, the Colosseum, pyramids, the Colosseum, raised together in a puzzle by a fan-loving Gojira with an eye for the quirky. This

sum a year—100,000 a day—come to be on-  
sightings, captive, for 4 days on average  
“experiencing”豪华 in Paris, then  
Aladdin’s bazaar-dinner in a restaurant  
palace. Here in Vegas, the Sphinx has a room  
and the Monoliths display has a structure  
two-curiously stony roller coaster station  
around it. There is a Venetian, with a statue  
of a gondolier seated the Piazza San Marco (which  
gondoliers wouldn’t make their passengers  
stop). O Sol!—The Venetian, with its cause-  
ways, bridges, shops and restaurants, is located  
on the air-conditioned second floor of the  
Venetian resort and casino, but when you’re  
in there, you tend to lose sight of that fact.  
A block down the Strip, Bellagio’s Tuscan  
palace has waterworks in a pond larger than  
several football fields that Louis XIV would  
have loved for Versailles.

You don't really believe you're in the *one* thing, of course—there are no early New Yorkers in Vegas's New York, no pigeons in Venice. But you will be mesmerized by the size, the scope, the wealth, the mad power of it all, by how shabby it is and how efficient it works, by how plain-clothes it is. Stay but long enough and your disbelief will be suspended, too. In Rome one evening, at the lovely cafe near the reading room of the *La Stampa* ink-stand if you want to eat outside



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# Biography

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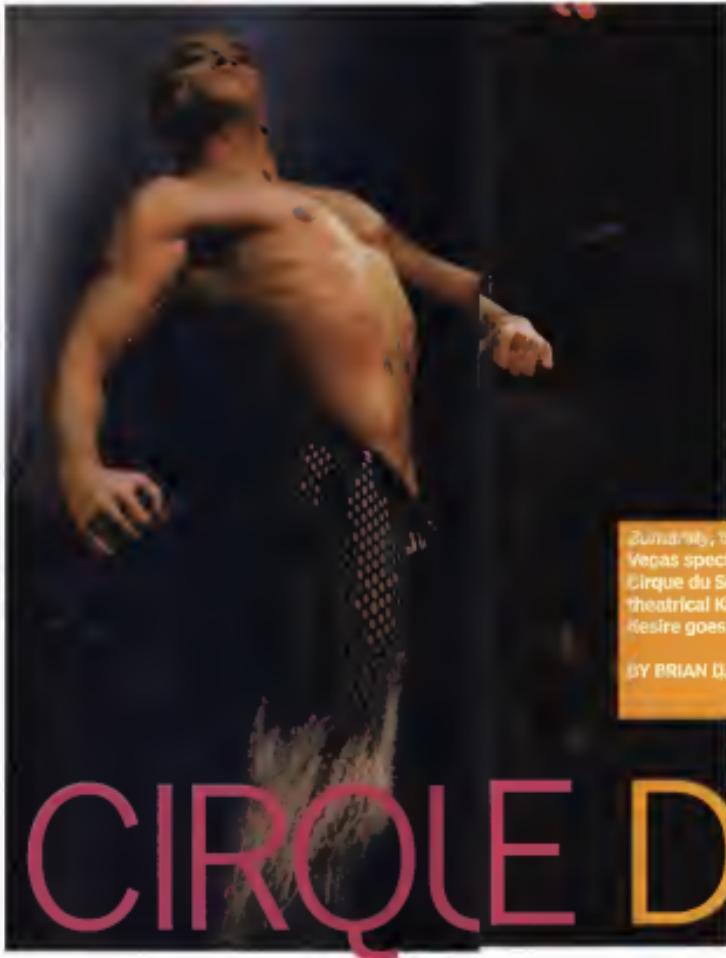
saudade. If you chose "saudade," odds are good you'll see the fading light lining the clouds with pink in the darkening sky. Sunsets occur every 45 minutes in this Rome.

When in Rome you properly deserve to be belted suspended to the point of forgetting where you are. Vegas has a dorm machine or blackjack table just right for you. And you, whether a gambling person or not, will eventually find that time, if only to check if your own little private promenade land wouldn't bring fat chance, is waiting right here, in Vegas, the land of promise.

But Vegas officials insist that gambling is only a fraction of the whole experience now. Every night, the Cirque and Celine Dion alone draw close to 5,000 spectators, at over \$180 a pop, on average—an tap of all the other restaurants, restaurants and meeting places playing in town that night. "Las Vegas has become the entertainment capital of the world," says Domi Lorraine, Cirque du Soleil's president and chief operating officer. "Proclaimers the world over now routinely come to Vegas to see what's new and good, like they used to go to London or New York before." For Arguello, the math is simple: nobody has the money to raise the ante against Vegas. "Celine sings for 4,000 every night. If only half of them spent only \$100 on food, drink and the show, that's \$100,000 in extra revenue for Caesar's Palace, every night."

There are personal or corporate reasons to be in Las Vegas.

THE CIRQUE DU SOLEIL HAS, over the years, developed a new entertainment culture—a global brand nowhere else in the world, costume and music never before seen or heard, sex and drama that regularly seem to defy the laws of logic or gravity—a perfect fit with a city that loves by selling emotion and fantasy. Lorraine says the big draw now is to look beyond the regular queuing crowds—preferably to the wealthy, sophisticated, globe-trotting set—to attract more people to the city. Already, according to a recent survey, five per cent of visitors cite the Cirque as their prime reason for coming to Las Vegas, a destination they might have skipped otherwise. Drawing 1.4 million new tourists a year to Las Vegas is one big act up the Cirque's sleeve. Still, that means some 34 million are coming to gamble, something Lorraine hasn't forgotten. "Gambling is the economic engine," he says—and the bottom line, "the house over the slot machines."



"WE NEED EVERYONE TO GET INTO THEIR NAKED COSTUMES so we can do the transition from the gentle orgy to the finale." Now there's a request you don't hear every day. We're at a rehearsal for *Zumanity*, Cirque du Soleil's bold new cabaret show in Las Vegas. It has been playing as a work-in-progress for five weeks at the New York Hotel and Casino, but as the eve of its premiere, co-director Dominique Champagne is trying to work out some kinks, and put some meat on. He wants to make the circus more...erotic. It's a complex sequence. A bathtub rises out of the stage, surrounded by a blond bare-bottom who slides and flips like a bar of soap through the arms of a black bark with a rainbow. They're naked but for a G-string and jockstrap. As they wriggle around the tub in a delecting dance, and douse each other with milk, they're encircled by

creatures Leo-locked in a dizzy chain of faces, bodies and hands—the gentle orgy.

*Zumanity* itself is a kind of theatrical *Kama Sutra*, a noo of performers thrown into sponge and compromising positions. A Canadian ballerina undoes her tutu for a G-string. A young dancer from Prince George, B.C., picks up a ballerina and plays dominatrix. A Brazilian dwarf flies through the air on the silk canes of a tall, cleftie acrobat. A pair of contestants, from Roosevelt Mongolia, take a supine sloshy dip in a giant cocktail glass.

On the Vegas Strip, where suds are as ubiquitous as neon, there's marching now a boozey burlesque, even artful burlesque, just across the street from *Zumanity*, at the MGM Grand, a Persian cabaret show called *Le Reve*. performers matching arms of coal trades wrapped in geometric patterns of projected light—sophisticated as pop art like *Cirque du Soleil*'s breaking new ground. It's probably safe to

say that Las Vegas has never seen so many small-breasted sheepish. *Zumanity* is a suds-free zone, offering an exorcised brand of bacchanale that endearces a myriad of body types.

"We've got all these shapes and assvoluptuous, this, that, small," says Valerie Connelly, the Canadian ballerina-turned-burlesque dancer. Bernice Marceau, and trained by the Royal Winnipeg Ballet, Connelly danced with Les Grands Ballets canadiens and Les Ballets juilliard de Montreal before running off to join the Cirque. "Ballet is a cold-e-e-cute world," says the 33-year-old dancer. "But off the stage we weight and height. We always have the beautiful princess on pointe shoes. Now I'm playing a cross between Marilyn Monroe and Patrick Anderson. I've really come out of my shell."

Joey Arias, the drag queen who runs *Zumanity*, has gone the other direction, from playing annual iconoclast in Manhattan's gay underground to leading a line of authenticity to Cirque's new adult brand. "I wasn't sure about *Cirque* at first," he admits as he sits at the mirror, applying eyeshadow with a practiced hand. "I thought maybe I was too smart-alec for those people. Their show was really simple, basically." Arias, who

Similarly, the new Vegas spectacle from Cirque du Soleil, is a theatrical *Kama Sutra*. Desire goes acrobatic

BY BRIAN D. JOHNSON

# CIRQUE DE SEX



won't reveal his age, has an impressive pedigree among the New York art crowd. "I knew Andy [Warhol] and Salvador Dalí and worked with David Bowie. When we all started performing, Madonna was part of my gang. Everybody wanted to be like her. This is the most famous famous person."

And infamous. Aron's career being pulled after a 1991 performance in Paris, in which he had sex with a man from the audience while another performer "squeezed milk from her breasts and pulled 32 yards of pantyhose from her vagina." But amid the more raunchy stories of Zumanity, Aron still feels he can himself. "The magic is there, inside of me," he says. "It can never be taken away. Las Vegas is going to change that. We're coming here to give the fringe, to switch the gears from Las City to Las City. That's my job, to turn people on."

**SATURDAY NIGHT** The gala continues, winds through the Art Deco theme park of New York New York's make-believe Marabou, past the brashly slot machines, down a fast-food alley of like John Strohers' hook-aunties with bows—and into the art nouveau dream world of the Zumanity

**The show** offers an  
eclectic blend  
of techniques that  
combine a blend  
of body types

theatre. The lobby is like a boudoir, the walls padded with red velvet. Pre-glamour, after-jazz, gingers of black and white flesh. At the atrium, voices from the wall whisper sex and innocence. The theatre itself, phobic with more red velvet, wraps around a conservatory staircase. In dialogue, Stephen Boyd, describes the style as "highbrow."

The show begins with a comic blend of pugilists protesting the "uplifting bawdiness" that we are about to witness—"because the stings of lust in your other regions?" A pacific of American puritanism to sober up the crowd. But the premiere audience is by no means typical. Sitting at the front row is the Black Club of debauchery, the penit of darkness like himself—Hugh Hefner, flanked by six Miss playmates. "Gated?" says Joey, shrinking them in. "Such delicious bairns...you girls look like candy."

The show unfolds as a swelling hybrid of circus, cabaret and burlesque. A Sergeant Pepper dancer draped in beads grooves the room

with a tribal rhythm. A pair of ballerinas glides through a nearly nude pas de deux. Two raffig ballerinas juggle diamonds. And a chocolate god from Cuba performs a mouthy surprise that could have come straight from Chipendales. There are also several drag queens or a workers that put an exotic spin on traditional-circus skills. The own contributions coming to the falsehood-carn-cocktail glass offer a mixed bouquet too. Goyesque sultans exhorting a playing up the state at the Belagio. And a Russian in leather shorts, describing a "dislocation move," makes his body into such perverse positions that you can only wonder what he could do to himself in the privacy of his own bedrooms.

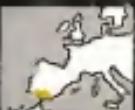
A couple of the acts pull the lasts of matinees' relevance. The guy sitting in front of me shaves his head with a straight as a jarring tango between two men, blood and black, ends with a prostate problem. And in the show's most haunting performance, a rousing female soubrette writhes through an aerial bondage number that ends in auto-erotic asphyxiation. But the show's erotic nature is diluted by豪放, and the penitent message that sex is good for us.

All Cirque shows are noisy, but when set

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# CANUCK CAPER

*Foolproof* is a slick, smart, witty heist movie

IT TAKES a mix of sand and a splash of hubris to title your film *Foolproof*, as Toronto-area director William Phillips has done. Generally speaking, cultural law dictates that any film whose title, however plot-descriptive, suggests the work is full-scale will be anything but—escaping, of course, the John Cassavets overstatement *The Face Thing*. Even more disconcerting, *Foolproof* has been bestowed the honour of putting the widest Canadian film release in the country's history (an entry in 200 screens nationwide), although it has yet to find a U.S. distributor. Up to this gauntlet-waiting in the "What's *Foolproof*?" column all Canadian studios in a big-budget action flick that measures

pictograms about size, and credits Avi Lerner, one of the country's signature auteurs, as executive producer. Unspool, *Foolproof* sounds confused—at best.

Consider, however, that it absolutely nothing wrong with that picture. Canadian cinema tends to be either quirky and self-effacing, or ponderous and obtuse. In *Foolproof*, as another, it's just a crime movie—a shrewdly competent, thoroughly unassuming heist flick with flashes of style and humour—whose cinematic ingenuity and dialogue recall the bump-a-musical-style of, say, *Smash*, more than the excessively gothic, lady-boning machinations of David Mamet. Vancouver's smartest son, Ryan

Reynolds, best known for playing the same role in the gross-out collossus *Scary Movie* and *Lampoon's* *Van Wilder*, is the celebrity draw, and the film's only lesson is that crime does pay so long as you're really scrupulous and in bed with a British gangster. Take note, ageing bangers.

Reynolds (a mild-mannered insurance investigator by day, but spends his downtime as a bold university fraudster) Steamer (Krisis Booth) and his (John Jarjaj) planning robbery that is roughly in-completed in negotiating peace in the Middle East. The gangster is that they only plan crimes as an intellectual game, and have never actually broken in anywhere because "they've got the good sense God gave them him when a crew of real criminals headed up by native British gangster Leo Glikson (David Stucki) make one of their plans and successfully execute a diamond heist, the long-jungled gangsters the young pros into stealing \$20 million in corporate bonds—measuring no otherwise rats in the group's dimmed plot to profit. Glikson's studio crime thrives friendship and wants the two to leave a life of back-stabbing evil, but Steamer and his pals aren't so sure. After all, they're the best friends.

Even for a movie so small in scope—one that obsessed with details like the series of screens used in alarm panels—*Foolproof* succeeds. Thoughtful, a pain-by-numbers drama with little at the way of character development, the setting is smooth, the heroes are funny and the robbery is a treat. Reynolds, the feisty William Scott of Canada, is a king of arched eyebrows, and with an equally arch wit he plays off Jarjaj's paranoid Bob, a small-time biter who serves as both mentor and owner of the unreliable getaway vehicle. Booth's Steamer is a manic may and a bridle wild, an athletic young woman who endures "Whoop" after Steamer portrays Glikson as an oily poacher, a more bonny boy who looks and behaves like he went to Hanzel and Gretel College and made honour roll.

It's all derivative, but it's all fun, too. What's more, between the suspense, the triple-crossing and the mindbending deceptions, *Foolproof* turns out to be an interesting and often intelligent. For those who'd like the Canadian answer to the less wacky, Phillips' film proves that the land of *Dracula* De Niro can also be home to *Action Jackson*.



Reynolds and Booth only planned to steal stuff—until the real bad guys arrive on the scene

# LIVES OF GIRLS AND WOMEN

Murder, deafness, an obsession with films and the healing power of stories

**DEEP WITHIN** Ann-Marie MacDonald's long-awaited second novel, *The Way the Crow Flies* (Knopf), her namesake namesake makes an aside about the old two-lane highways that link Toronto and Guelph. They're more dangerous, she notes, than the newer, multi-lane 406, but because the freeway has controlled-access ramps or dividers between oncoming traffic, but because "these winding roads, with their sensory and their signs, are narrative—the 406 is just a series of them." It's an amazing, multiple image—bringing to mind not just the fact that old roads tell old stories of past migrations and sustenance, but also the notion that any way of explaining the world is inherently risky. Narratives can set you free, but their unexpected twists and turns can as easily send you careening off your road, shattering when hit sound exactly solid a moment before.

For all its eschewed plots and themes, allusion literature is in part about writing itself, the art of manipulating language to construct alternative realities, sometimes from shards of personal memory, sometimes from reading and art. And it does so in part of an emotional truth that's both fierce and fragile. "Not real," a character in Margaret Atwood's *Dry* and *Crude* tells freshly bewitched humans when he struggles to explain artistic representation to them, "can tell about real."

Frances Lai, in her much-lauded *Deafening* (Hyperion), is less overt about her art than MacDonald—but her narrative never intrudes—but equally ambitious. French

of a young deaf woman during the First World War contrasts her hope-for life in Ontario with that of her hearing husband, who was Thoreau, mired in a conflict so loud his gun can be heard across the English Channel. How the two environments—the city and desolate different worlds—is the essence of the novel. In *Deafening* (McGillivray & Stewart), the story of a movie-obsessed middle-aged woman in which the dialogue frequently sounds as though it was lifted from a 1930s screwball comedy, Elizabeth Hay doesn't reach as high in her, but her group-in-sister Nether-

*Deafening* nor *Deafening*, however, match the combination of ambition and achievement that marks *The Way the Crow Flies*, a mesmerizing re-creation of a vanished era and a lost childhood.

Like the quietly intense narrative, the cover of the title match over MacDonald's novel from an first page, providing an ironie, but's-eye-view of characters who are anything but take a direct route to their destination. Other books see only a modifying series of actions in a meadow in the early spring of 1962, but this cover are different—"I believe moves how things about," notes the author in an interview. In *The Way the Crow Flies*, they use a meander, the death that lies at the book's heart. (No surprise there: the collective answer for the speaker is "a meander of cover.")

But the story proper begins a year earlier with the arrival of the impossibly happy McCarty family in RCAF base Centraal, 40 km north of London, Ont. Although Ann-Marie MacDonald was only there in the summer of 1962, and her protagonist, the tenderly Catholic Madeline McCarty, is eight, the novel in otherwise matches her character detail for detail. Both have vaguely exotic names (Lebenheim for Ann-Marie, Arashan for Madeline), both jockey air-force officer fathers, and the distant backgrounds of military bases (MacDonald too came to Centraal in 1962, from the Canadian air base in Baden-Baden, West Germany, where she was born). Both knew



**GRANIA** and her husband, Jim, struggle to describe their different worlds in *Deafening*

MacDonald's novel makes her an instant millionaire

they were different at a young age, and both had a hard time winning parental acceptance—similar with their mothers—when they disclosed their foreshadowed audists.

Madeline, like Ann-Marie, is an acute observer and a guardian of memory, still haunted by the rootless and those who are always trying to fit in so spares the fact that she sometimes wonders if everyone else is an alien more pretending to be human. (Nine-year-old Amy Marie used to think the same thoughts, once torturing her five-year-old brother, John Hugh—and herself—with her speculations about the true nature of their father that the two children threw up in the back seat of their car whenever going far away.)

Madeline has a foreshadowing the year the speaker Centraal, from the annals of her senior Grade 4 teacher to the events surrounding the meadow—and called on the Steven Truscott case of 1959, of a classmate who's toringly resembles her. Clare McCullough was the child of a

second-World War

officer who is stationed in Centraal—with his family for cover—only because he's a man in an intelligence plot that involves Madeline's father. But Clare's death is not simply a matter of wrong place, wrong time had luck. Pulled through the novel in MacDonald's annual storage, her buried of secret, whether the annual, seemingly innocuous ones of childhood, or the big lies that sustained the Cold War. Clare met her fate, MacDonald says, because it was the innocent Americans who "had to die on behalf of an agenda apparently carried out elsewhere."

The adult world comes to no sacrifice any rightlessness (Clare's meander—a local manager a wrongfully convicted, but many are unhappy with the verdict. The McCartys move away to another province. The family begins to drift apart, at first temporarily, but then Madeline's god-father closer in on himself. She grows up harsher than the roads—the story has no holdover but the unavoidable. "She has a Log," in her mem-



**'HALF A STORY,'**  
MacDonald writes, 'is  
like a face gazing into  
an empty mirror'

ory. Mac facts are only "half a story," the narrator notes, "like a fact gazing into an empty mirror. Like a man without a shadow." And what do shadows do? "They catch up."

But not for more than 30 years, not until the 1980s when the health of Madeline's father deteriorates dramatically and the Cold War heats up again. Madeline—now an openly gay, successful, private TV reporter—studies to have private stories and boxes of inexplicable scribbling. The ground is shifting beneath her feet again, but this time, older and stronger, she crafts a story that answers all the questions.

*The Way the Crow Flies* is the result of

five years of writing and a lifelong interest in Soviet history, whose "spirit and courage" are infused in the author's novel. "I lived across the street from Collins Bay Penitentiary, where he was imprisoned for awhile," MacDonald recounts. "And my parents were separated with him, so there were these flashes of connection." Her belief in Madeline's innocence and her interpretation of her own life for her character is paid off in progress. "Everything was so close to me, I felt I was writing with my face against a mirror," says the author, who chose a phrase. Madeline uses it as the title to set her characters in a while. "I'd talk myself. How do I get perspective, how do I separate the details important to use from those that will strike a wider chord?" I worried whether I was just writing about my own life or a real character."

Whatever grounds for worry MacDonald

old may have directed in her early days, there are some left in the finished novel. Her depiction of vulnerable girls seems destroyed by the confluence of global politics and local mania; it is rendered with beauty and pathos. Through Madeline, Mac Donald encompasses what she calls "the strand" of fiction, "turning personal memory into something universal—when your memories travel far enough they live in you, they don't belong to you anymore." Real becomes real becomes universal truth through the alchemy of writing.

*Deafening*, another novel that reaches back to a little girl's childhood for its genesis, has a peculiarly apt title. It was published less than a month ago, but it's been one of the most talked-about Canadian books for a year. Foreign publishers at the Frankfurt Book Fair last fall granted Paulette Jany's first novel an air-splitting roar, and fiercely competitive bidding raised the 61-year-old Ottawa writer into an instant cult figure. For a mainstream novel devoted to the unarguing themes of deafness and her title of the courageous Gracia McNeil, who lost her hearing in a bout of scarlet fever at age 5, and her losing husband, Jim, must have sounded like commercial gold (it's not, but, riding high on her best-seller line, including *Marlowe*). But its literary merits are harder to discern.

Janet, whose husband, Ted, was in the Canadian Forces for 37 years, knows the unique place the Great War holds in the Canadian psyche: part slaughterhouse and paragon of the nation, a joint send-off on the road from colony to independence. Her research here was prodigious, including visiting the battlefield on *one* of the few days he himself had. But her sexual description of Jan's experiences doesn't rise above standard military usage. Alisa Curran, a fellow Ottawa writer with whom Jan gets unusually candid, her research, made better use of it in the riveting opening to her novel *The System*, published in May. ("He planned us on day," Jan says, "and I showed him my staff, and he went on my battlefield tour. I told him the best place to see aerial trenches was in Stanley Wood, where they've just carved a privately owned piece of land.")

But in *Deafening*, the writer's



## CHARACTERS

**Gerbo Lammers** view the world through the beguiling prism of movies

first interest was never the war, but the life of Gracia, who is modified on her own beloved grandmother. There's a sense of muted off, including her study of American sign, a language as elusive and rich and meaningful as any spoken tongue. The never-wavering decency of Gracia's character makes them less than believable, but she writes about their love and struggle with a spare elegance. And when Jan manages to convey the harsh health decrepitude of sounds to her wife, as Gracia names a shattered woman by teaching her how to tap into a still and silent core within him, *Deafening* grapples insightfully with the very nature of human communication. Few in number but remarkably powerful in their effect, these

## HOT NEW BOOKS BY CANADIAN WOMEN



DEAFENING  
Harcourt  
\$34.95  
310 pages



THE WAY THE CROW FLIES  
Knopf  
\$37.95, 752 pages



MADELINE  
McClelland & Stewart  
\$34.95  
310 pages

Gracia's novel is dreamy, moving and hilarious—sarcasm are the gems in what is otherwise a high-gloss, high-quality romance.

Elizabeth Hay's *Carrie* (Atria), a moving, frequently hilarious novel that takes its starring part from a comment made by celebrated director Pauline Kael: "She will never know the extent of the damage movies are doing to us." (Hermie Browning, 42, Ottawa mother and struggling writer, was never allowed to watch movies as a child. Well, now watch *watching*—Hermie's mother once dragged home a big of *NFB* documentaries and showed her children a home-consumption epic called *Waltz*.) As a result, the adult Hermie is obsessed with films. She and her two children, her parole husband (left out of the loop—watch them naively, disease them to the exclusion of all else), and view the world through their beguiling prism.

Movies are Hermie's solace, providing distraction from her constant, low-grade awareness of passing time and diminishing opportunity. She is the novel's own Gracia Gruber, that Swedish-born icon of other-worldly glamour who travelled incognita under the name Harriet Brown—and who made no sound when she laughed. (Muttering something she's laugh had to be dubbed into her film, much as Harriet often resorts to other women's dialogue.)

In the winter of 1997/98, however, Harriet's stable world (real and filmic) are disrupted by cataclysmic events. Her beloved aunt, the widow of a famous screenwriter, arrives to stay, accompanied by her daughter, Sophie, the pair are soon followed by the great ice storm. A once-handsome reality shakes up the household as shifting alliances form, dissolve and re-form. But it takes, in true Hollywood style, a fatal illness to finally bring down the curtain on the movie club.

*Carrie* is a novel as movingly original, a near-perfect character study of a singularly interesting but nonetheless sympathetic woman. Her dialogue crackles, whether borrowed from, or crafted in tribute to, classic film. What's more, simply by the depth of her heroism, Harriet convinces us that her life is unfold more like a movie. And who among us hasn't wished for that? ■

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# YOU ASSUMED WRONG

No, I don't have kids. My husband and I are cheerfully child-free.

## "SO, HOW MANY KIDS DO YOU HAVE?"

For most women, this is an ordinary, everyday question. It's a great icebreaker with someone you really don't know very well. After all, everyone has children, right?

When I answer that my husband, Darren, and I have decided not to have children, the statement is usually met with bewilderment, silence, even disapproval. It can almost hear their thoughts: Why did we get married if we're not going to procreate? And it still seems

so more appropriate for a man to declare he doesn't want children. How can I, a woman, not want children? It is my desire to have been equipped with the power to give life, and I chose not to use it. The most heartbreaking thing with me is that I've told everybody from relatives to childless friends: "I actually had someone say to me, 'Well, you probably abuse kids too, don't you?'" I've been told that I'm "copping out on the future" by not replenishing the earth with new human beings. I used to feel embarrassed and uncomfortable, so I would lie and say that I couldn't have children.

I don't lie anymore. I've faced up to people's misplaced pity. There is a certain empowerment and freedom that comes from being child-free (not childless, I'm not a childless person) and the belief by my children-free relatives: I don't have to put in a "sacrifice shift" when I go home from work, I can kick off my shoes and do nothing, or I can go for a walk, take a class or help out at the local animal shelter.

According to the latest census, more and more Canadians are choosing not to have children.

The number of married couples with dependent children is down 11 per cent, while the number of married couples without children is up seven per cent. Yet despite these statistics, too many politicians discount my son, "Family values" seem to be the norm. Many tax breaks and credits are reserved for parents only.

Discrimination in the workplace is also a significant issue for the child-free. Health plans usually cost the same for all employees,

whether they are single or married, with or without children. Yet families with children can cost the insurance companies for more. Parents who leave work early to watch junior play soccer or other assure their child-free co-workers will pick up the slack. One year, recently home, flex-time, and child-care daycares parents don't, of course, give their peers—or anything—regularly. An employee with children may seem less important than those without?

There are many child-free people like my husband and me out there, and we have our lives just as other people do. We go to work. We go to the movies. We have friends and family who care about us and whom we care



about. Just because we don't push our social contributions in a similar does not mean we have made none.

Parenthood is a choice, not an obligation, and it's a choice that should not be made lightly. To have children because you want someone to look after you in old age, or because your family expects you to carry on the name, are just two in a long list of wrong reasons to have children.

Most child-free people I know have thought

long and hard about the decision not to have children. We know that having a child is an enormous responsibility and our lives would never be the same. We know that the statistics give us a 50-per-cent chance of finding a partner—and that having a child only increases that risk.

Ed is strong in the knowledge that I have made a decision that is right for me and for my son. Darren and I met on a blind date in 1993. Having previously been charmed by a man who wanted children, I made sure the topic came up early in the relationship. We had already decided on so many levels and it was a great feeling to discover we had something else in common. We married nine years ago and I had my rather small five years ago, when I was 31.

A few years into our marriage, Darren and I found our social life changing. Invitations to participate in social get-togethers had turned into invitations to baby showers and birthday parties.

Our friends' discussions were all about wedding and disappearance. Searching the Internet one day we came across the site for No Kids! (www.nochild-free.org), a not-for-profit social club for couples and singles who are not parents, for whatever reason. Founded in 1988 in Vancouver by Jerry Schuberg, it has grown to 18 chapters worldwide, including the United Kingdom, United States, Korea, Ivory Coast and Canada, where there are 12.

We thought it would be fun to start our own No Kids! chapter, and in 2001 we had our first get-together. Since then, we've held monthly meetings and organized some executive activities: we've gone camping, Banff, and, most recently, held a fundraiser for breast cancer research. We help one another move. We count on each other. It feels like family.

Theresa Cahill lives with her husband in Burlington, Ont. To comment: [theresay@telusplanet.net](mailto:theresay@telusplanet.net)

ILLUSTRATION BY BETH BROWN



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## BUSINESS FORECAST 2003/2004

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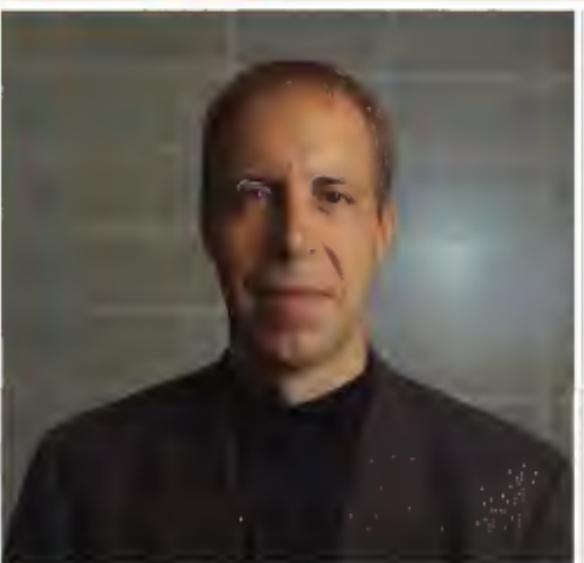
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CLOSING NOTES



**Self-help** | You've got to know when to walk away

Addiction expert David Hodgins has long been struck by the fact that the majority of people who successfully overcome various blues—be it alcohol, cigarettes or gambling—do so on their own, without the benefit of formal treatment programs. But it's not so. So, in the case of chronic gamblers, the University of Calgary professor has come up with a system that allows these individuals to acknowledge their problem in the privacy of their own home—and then helps them do something about it.

Hodgins says his program, which has drawn attention from international addiction experts, is aimed at reaching the 90 per cent of problem gamblers who decline to turn to residential treatment programs or groups like Gamblers Anonymous. His 40-page self-help manual contains a series of checklist

so participants can chart their behaviour and gauge the severity of their problem. They also receive tips on how to resist the gambling bug and are urged to find other leisure activities to fill the time they would usually spend indulging their habit.

Hodgins followed his first study group of 102 for two years, and found that 37 per cent had not gambled at all in the final six months of the study. He is now recruiting across the country for a follow-up group (those interested can call 1-877-437-3777). In addition to the manual, users in the new study will receive a series of telephone calls from counsellors, encouraging them to stick with the program. "People tend to make several attempts before they are ultimately successful," says Hodgins. "We want to help them follow through."

Calgary professor  
Hodgins has advice  
for gamblers

**New release** | We'd do  
anything for Gordon

A year after *Dollar*  
*Lightfoot*, the self-titled life-threatening  
gambler's condition, in other  
books have been released  
to honour the singer-songwriter. Among  
the voices that make up *Unleashed: A Tribute  
to Gordon Lightfoot*, Mr. B. Cowles Andrus  
and *The Tragically Hip*



**GOOD SAX**

One definition of maturity is the inclination to concentrate on what really matters. For Michael Mosley, that is his music. Mosley has been one of Garrison's bestsellers for more than a decade, which of course means most people have never heard of him, but it is time the chartre changes, according with his 2002 CD-Live or the 2001 CD-Home. The secret to his success is the depth of his debt. Long ago, he had released a series of lyrical epistles that makes his use of Canadian wordplay memorable.

"I just like melody," he says. His gift for the lyrical line will be on display Sept. 10 at 8 p.m. at the 17th Annual Canadian Musician's Showcase, with one of the four musicians who can teach him something about the perils and pleasures of the piano: Daniel Barnes, player piano player Daniel Barnes. Those of us who don't live in Toronto can only hope somebody relives the hit *Fool's Gold*.



## Computing | How to keep bugs at bay

Although most Canadians wouldn't leave their front doors wide-open 24 hours a day, week after week, many fail to treat their computers with the same prudent caution. And in August, two major worms and a virus circulated around the Internet, wreaking havoc on home and business computers, including Air Canada's systems.

It need not have been so. Most often, worms and viruses proliferate due to user negligence, people clicking on attachments in e-mails, or not updating their operating systems or anti-virus programs.

But it's not all our fault. These malicious worm creators are crafty. The latest threat masquerades as an e-mailed security patch from Microsoft. Don't fall for it. The patch contains the worm worm, which attempts to disable firewalls and anti-virus software, gather password information, and spread itself throughout your address book.

As a rule, you should treat your computer like you treat your house or car: keep the door locked, and when someone comes a knockin', find out who it is. Install the appropriate

anti-virus software and download regular updates ([windowsupdate.microsoft.com](http://windowsupdate.microsoft.com)). Never open an attachment from an unknown user, and even with known e-mailers, download the attachment to your hard disk and then scan it for viruses. If you're reluctant to spend the \$50 on anti-virus program, there are free alternatives ([www.grisoft.com](http://www.grisoft.com)) as well as free virus-scanning tools ([www.symantec.com](http://www.symantec.com), [www.mcafee.com](http://www.mcafee.com)). Now the bugs can't bite.

## Game of the month

Samurai's gear wrang at the Axis As a done-and-dust-your-junk-to-the-wasteland Today's light-sabre and today's "The Return" continue in full tilt. From [bigbigroom.com](http://bigbigroom.com) (free download).

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## Downloads | Listening to loonie tunes

They might be free, but they're not always in order, and they deserve to be paid for. And a long battle to control illegal file-swappers, some of the world's major record labels are getting behind services where music lovers can collect tunes for a price. The most successful has been Apple's iTunes Music Store, which sold more than 20 million songs—so far—since its launch in April. Now it's the turn of Canadian digital downloaders. Last month, Canadian digital downloaders. Last month, Canadian

music users in order, sell and some a playlist of their favorite songs. **Pointmoto** from 99 cents a song to \$9.99 an album. When Toronto-based Pointmoto Inc. launches in Canada this month, it will become Canada's first legal download music service. It will have a library of 250,000 tracks, the majority of which have been converted from CDs and transferred into MP3 players.

### Pointmoto

music.moto.ca. **MusicMatch** will \$7.95 a month. This streaming-radio service comes on-line Oct. 1. Subscribers can download songs. And there's a choice of 35,000 artists to listen to. And **MusicMatch MX**



## Web | Design, then dine

With its pre-assembly, check out the online seven-step program for refurbishing your kitchen from [KitchenAid](http://www.kitchenaid.com) ([www.kitchenaid.com](http://www.kitchenaid.com)). It's available in English and French. Simply enter the room's dimensions, choose from a variety of cup-



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## CAN I GET SOME SERVICE?

I'd soothe my nerves with a Diet Coke, but the waiter gave me root beer

**H**ELL, sir or madam. How may I help you today? How can I be of service? I ask because I, myself, can't get any good service around here. I mean, *none* at all. Not anywhere. The wonder of the modern service economy is that you *can't* get any frakkin' service. Here are the stories of redaction.

ad ordered brown toast with my omelet. I got white toast. Why did the waitress ask what

kind of toast I wanted? Who she was making small talk?

• At another restaurant I know, every single time I order a Diet Coke, I get a regular Coke. I have to watch the servers now, like a hawk, until I see them reaching for the videlicet red can. "Uh-oh, uh-oh! Diet Coke! I had Diet!" "Oh, sorry!" Every time.

• I ordered a Diet Coke with my Sunday brunch at another place a couple of weeks ago. The waiter brought a root beer. A half-hour later.

• My girlfriend is vegetarian. The other night she ordered a quesadilla in a Spanish word, meaning "cheese with cheese." She got a quesadilla with chicken. She doesn't eat chicken. That's why she didn't ask for any. She got some anyway. It's the second time this has happened to her at the same place.

• Once, when we were going somewhere on the train, she called ahead for a vegetarian meal. They served her a vegetarian meal. The serial game from the server was, "Here's your vegetarian meal." It had chicken in it.

• I asked directory assistance for the phone number for River East Collegiate. I was given the number for Princess Margaret Secondary School.

Say them both to yourself. "River East" "Princess Margaret." How is it possible to screw that up?

Stanley owns the directory-assistance so how shouldn't be screwing that one up? Teams of evil geniuses have designed the directory-assistance robots to interrogate you mortally, then transfer you to a



human operator who fails precisely the same question.

The super-creepy Stepford Robot Lady Voice answers the line. "Directory assistance for what city, please?"

"Whisper."

A long pause. Then the robot intoning a human voice with eerie precision. "For what province?"

You hate your tongue. It's just a robot. Maybe you can teach it something. Avoiding it, possibly, you answer. "Whisper, in Ontario."

"For what number?"

"River East Collegiate."

Long pause.

The human operator comes on.

"Hi, what number are you looking for please?"

Uh. The number I just asked your super-creepy Stepford Robot Lady colleague for, maybe?

Through gritted teeth, you repeat yourself, preordained to be calm even as you

ponder the cosmic idiocy of a phone company that would replace human operators with robots that ignore everything you say and deliver you to Emergency Backup Humans, who are loosely surrounded by super-creepy Stepford Robot Lady Voices, and have therefore, apparently, been driven quite mad.

"Stepford number. That's all I'm asking." And then they give you a number that is never—not ever—the one you asked for. It would have thought the position of tax driver had two qualifications: (1) find ad-damn, (2) make change for a \$20. Apparently I was mistaken on both counts.

• I have a new house. I ordered a dresser for the bedroom. Paid a hefty deposit half the cost. The receipt says, "Allow 10-12 weeks for delivery." I allowed 10 weeks. Then two more. Then some extra bonus weeks.

Finally after 16 weeks I looked and I still didn't have a dresser. I was back to the store. So sorry—there's nobody around to tell you when your dresser might be. Or whether it exists. Or whether it ever will. Let me take your name and number. Someone will get back to you on Tuesday.

Nobody got back to me on Tuesday. Nobody got back to me on Wednesday. Ten days after the nice lady took my name and number, nobody has called to explain why my dresser is a month late meeting its 12-week deadline. I have no place to put my boxer shorts. These days I mostly just stuff them in my mouth to keep from screaming when I call directory assistance.

• I cancelled my National Post subscription two months ago. But they won't stop sending it to me. The Post's owners wanted some money for access to their Web sites. But at the same time, they don't mind giving out free newspaper subscriptions that no one can cancel.

Tan telling you, it makes it psychically I'd like to my news with a Diet Coke, but all I can get is root beer.

To comment, [backpage@maclean.ca](mailto:backpage@maclean.ca).

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